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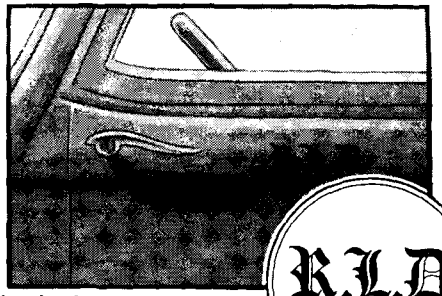

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doesn't mind if you avoid taxes, but he locks you up if you evade them. William G. Shepherd explains in "You Can Avoid Taxes."

HER name was Polly and she was the type of girl there ought to be a law about. She sat next to Pat Burr at a football game and gave him dizzy spells and spots before his eyes. He told her frankly it was all her fault and the only reasonable thing was for her to let him hang around and see if he got over having them. But by that time she had discovered that Pat had been All-America halfback and the fact made her suspicious—besides, he got on too well with her father. You can see the situation was complicated, but Dwight Mitchell Wiley makes it clear in "Beat 'em, Boy."

HAVING your name struck from the Social Register might be the beginning of any one of several careers. Most young women wouldn't willfully choose that course. Hope Williams, the actress, did. And, as John B. Kennedy explains, "She Walked Away With It."

WHEN Lady Millicent came to Chicago she was famous as a golf player—no one knew that she could wield a mean blackjack. But they found it out. Especially Mr. O'Donnell, who had been appointed her bodyguard. Lucian Cary explains in a gay love story called "So This is the Underworld."

FRANK CONDON, Bill Cunningham, Roark Bradford, W. Townend, Arthur Somers Roche and Frederick Skerry combine the best of information with the brightest of entertainment. Even we are dazzled.

ter game. Page 10

CLINTON W. GILBERT
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FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. **Light, bright and informative.** **Page 30**

EDITORIAL
The Man Who Was Yesterday. **Page 50**

neapolis dreads to think what would happen to Milly and Hank in Lucian Cary's "They Couldn't Be Friends" (Collier's for September 3) if they greeted each other with "Halloa"—particularly, adds he, if they were Chicagoans, as they were, in Chicago. Also, Mr. Lane wants to know how Halloa is pronounced.

BAD news arrives from Mr. W. W. Shay in Raleigh, North Carolina, who reports that a local industrialist was overheard lamenting that owing to the depression "corn likker is gettin' so cheap that a man can't afford to make it no more."

MR. NEIL GILBERT of Roanoke, Virginia, is willing to bet that our forefathers never suspected that "Constitutional rights would some day be confined to synthetic grog, a hoorah and a song and dance." Furthermore, those idealists, he feels certain, did not dream that the government they were molding would today be in the hands of men and women whose sole ambition seems to be to get into office somehow and then stay in somehow.

MR. TOM MANNIX of Los Angeles objects to Grantland Rice's statement that "Babe Ruth is the baseball hero of every boy." Baseball, protests Mr. Mannix, is no longer important in our juvenile life nor is it any longer our national game. "Doesn't Mr. Rice know," he writes, "that twenty leagues have disbanded in the past two years? And in that same time five colleges and twelve high schools in and around Los Angeles have discontinued baseball because the kids simply don't care for it."

it again afterward.

"WHAT I like about all these candidates," writes Miss Sophie C. Weil of Denver, Colorado, "is the sturdy courage with which they declare their independence of bonus-seeking veterans, higher tariff lobbyists and the rest of the gimme boys. I don't know whether he'd get very far but I have at least one vote for that candidate who quits pandering and comes out fighting."

AND in the opinion of Mrs. Harriet Pfalz of Salt Lake City both parties rely wholly upon blind deaf men to scout the populace and report upon the trend of sentiment of the voters.

BILL CUNNINGHAM'S "On the Other Hand," wherein he takes a good slice at left-handed golfers, was no sooner in the hands of this large and aggressive public of ours than left-handed golfers from what seems to us to be everywhere began to write letters. Practically all of them demand admittance to Mr. Cunningham's National Left-Handed Golfers Association. But Mr. Wallace O. Winter of Chicago enlists "not to prove anything but to try to find a much-prized number-four iron that escaped from my set ten years ago at a southpaw tournament at Midlothian."

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Dance fans go crazy about the new rhythm they feel with this new radio. Musical people rave about the "truth" of its tone. Me—I'm tickled pink because now, for the first time in radio history, I hear something that's really like my master's voice.

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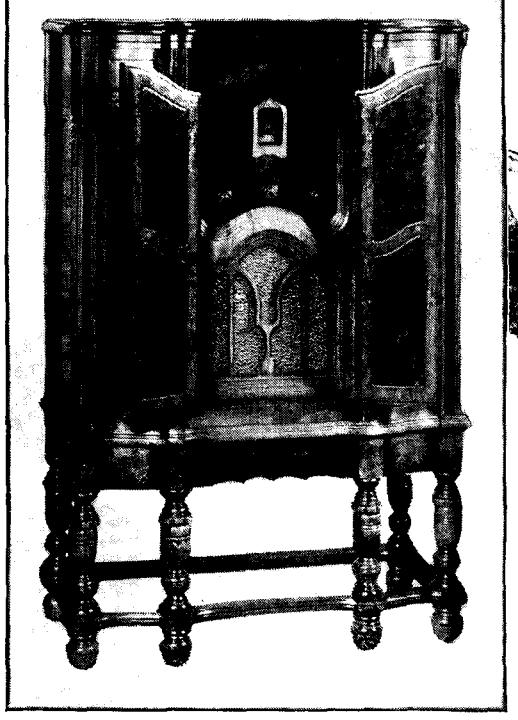

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Collier's for September 17, 1932
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From unretouched photograph taken by Underwood & Underwood at Comiskey Park, Chicago, Illinois
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"I carry insurance, of course, but I'd certainly rather *avoid* ugly cuts than have someone pay my doctor's bills. I don't mind seeing my wife primp a bit just to emphasize her charm, but watching while she tried hopelessly to cover up humiliating scars would mighty near break my heart. And I think it's downright foolish to take all the precautions we do about our youngsters' health and happiness and then expose them to the menacing danger of broken, flying glass. That's why there'll be Safety Glass in my new car. It's far too important to neglect, especially when I can have it free of charge in so many cars and for so little extra in many others."

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SAFETY GLASS

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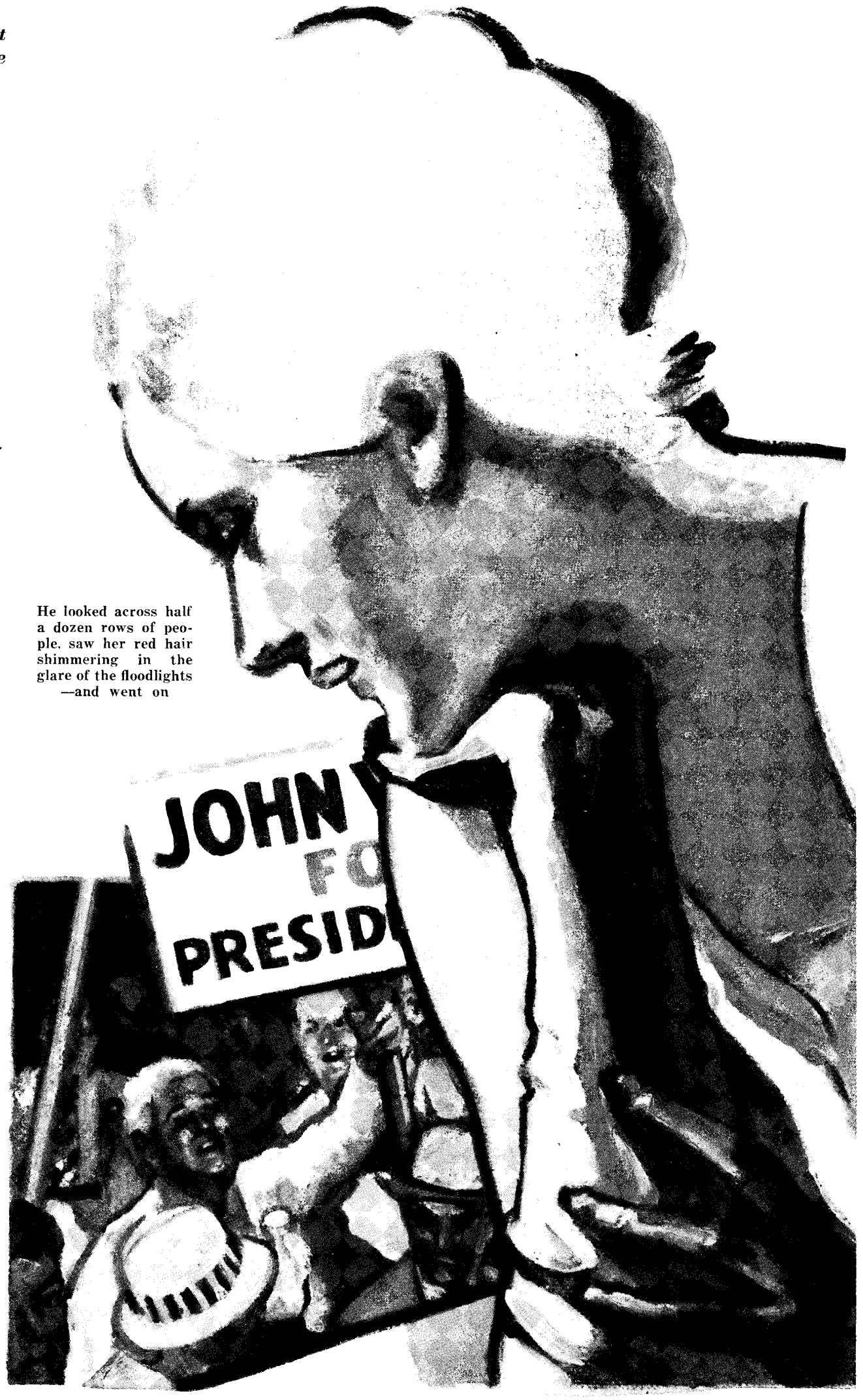
At the Night Session

The story of a romance that changed political history. The girl had red hair

By Elmer Davis



He looked across half a dozen rows of people. saw her red hair shimmering in the glare of the floodlights —and went on

TWO THOUSAND delegates and alternates had met to pick a President; seven hundred newspaper men and twenty thousand spectators had come to watch them; but the outcome depended, finally, on a red-haired woman. . . .

The great demonstration for John W. Coe was going into its second half-hour. A thunderous organ was blaring that happy days are here again; cigar smoke hung above the floor, a white fog in the glare of the floodlights; and through the fog, round and round the aisles, marched a howling mob with banners. Big banners that read: "For President —John W. Coe," "Coe and Repeal," "Coe Will Bring Back Prosperity." Little banners with the names of states—Ohio, Florida, Texas. And now a new state banner joined the parade—Ilconsota. . . . In the press stand, a fat man in shirt sleeves looked up from his typewriter and took his cold cigar out of his mouth.

"Ilconsota?" he growled. "George Evans said he had that delegation solid for Claghorn. Go see if this means anything, Pete."

A perspiring young man with a green badge pinned to his shirt slid over the rail and slowly edged through the crowd to the seats of the Ilconsota delegates. Most of them were still there; Pete saw young Scott McCord, who had made the big speech this afternoon. But he didn't stop to speak to Scott McCord; he bent over the chunky man in the aisle seat of the row behind, who was fanning himself complacently.

"Ilconsota for Coe, George?" Pete whispered. George Evans grinned.

"Nothing to it. Just thought some of my insurgents would feel better if I let them kick up their heels. No, it's still Claghorn on the first ballot, whenever we get to it; and Ilconsota will help put him over."

"I heard you'd been having a little trouble in the delegation—"

"OH, THERE'S a few of our fellows have never been to a convention before, and they had an idea they ought to be allowed to vote their convictions. But that's all ironed out now. When we sent up an uninstructed delegation voting under the unit rule we knew what we were doing."

"There's quite a lot of Coe sentiment upstate, isn't there?"

"Some. . . . Confidentially, Pete, the lineup's thirteen for Claghorn to eleven for Coe. But my thirteen will stick, and that means that Ilconsota casts twenty-four votes for Claghorn. He'll come so near having what he needs on the first roll call that there'll never be a second. Those favorite-son states will start climbing on the band wagon."

"Looks that way," Pete agreed. "Say,

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that was a wow of a seconding speech your man McCord made for Claghorn. Better than the nominator."

"Pete," said Evans solemnly, "you watch that boy. This time it's all Claghorn; but next time it'll be all Scott McCord. Ilconsota's got a future President there—and I discovered him. I'm going to nominate him for governor in September, elect him in November, give him a second term if Claghorn's President; and then— Well, I've stood by this Eastern crowd for Claghorn; they'll have to play ball with me when it comes time to put over Scott McCord."

"How's his record? Didn't I hear something about a divorce?"

"Nothing to that—no scandal, I mean. Divorced for incompatibility—that won't hurt him with the church people."

"No, I guess not. . . . But eight years is a long time, George. If he's new at the game, can he stand the gaff? Can you count on him to stick?"

"Sure he'll stick. . . . Look at him!" Scott McCord was leaning forward, his eyes bright and eager. "He knows," said Evans, "that eight years from now —or sooner—the mob will be parading for him; and once you get the White House bug in a man's blood you never get it out. Yes, he'll stick."

But Scott McCord wasn't looking at the mob with banners, parading in the aisles; his bright, eager eyes were fixed on a front-row box beside the speaker's stand, where a red-haired woman in evening dress looked on.

SO PETE went back to the press stand; and Scott McCord began to climb over delegates' feet, making his way to the aisle.

"Where you going?" Evans shouted.

"Just to get some cigars." But once out in the lobby Scott walked past the cigar counter, toward the stairs that led to the boxes; up the stairs, feverish, shaking—and then, on the top step, he halted.

It was four years since he had seen her; and her last words had been, "Stay here in Blainesville, then, and stick in the mud!" He supposed he wanted to see her, now, for no better reason than to show her that he hadn't stuck in the mud; he didn't suppose she'd want to see him at all. But he looked across half a dozen rows of people, saw her red hair shimmering in the glare of the floodlights—and went on.

"Hello, Sylvia." She turned to him with the smile he'd seen her use on casual callers back in Blainesville—people who didn't matter.

"Well, Scott! I was hoping you'd look me up. I tried to find you after the afternoon session, to congratulate you on your speech—"

"Were you here this afternoon?" (How had he missed her?) "Those—those floodlights are blinding," he stammered apologetically.

"So is the vision of the White House, I'm told, however distant . . . Oh, yes—I've heard about you." She laughed at his confusion. "You couldn't have seen me this afternoon," she said. "I was up in the mezzanine. Tonight some friends lent me their box, but I was delayed and I seem to have got here just as it's all over." For the great Coe demonstration had died down; the chairman had been thumping his gavel; and now the Claghorn floor leader was moving—by agreement—that the convention adjourn until one P. M. tomorrow. . . . "Well?" said Sylvia. "What shall we do now?"

She had said "we." . . . There was something he ought to do now; one of the Ilconsota alternates, counted for Claghorn, had shown leanings to Coe. Scott had promised Evans to talk to him tonight, bring him back into line. But alternates didn't matter much; and if Sylvia felt like saying "we"—

"Well," he said cheerfully, "on this hot night I'd like to go somewhere and drink some beer." (He could safely say so, with repeal coming.)

"So would I. My car's parked outside—but let's wait till the crowd gets out." They stood side by side in the front row. She laughed. "Some of the Ilconsota delegates know me," she said. "It won't hurt you if they carry the news back home that you're on friendly terms with your ex-wife."

HE FROWNED; he hated that word. And it was so queer to stand here talking to her like a chance acquaintance, after they'd lived together—

"But—" he said. "But how do you happen to be here, Sylvia?"

"In Chicago? I've been living here for two years. Didn't you know?"

"No . . ." (He ought to have known.) "What was the idea?"

"Oh, I got tired of sitting around. I wanted to go to work—but Dad said it would ruin him if I went to work in Detroit. With the automobile business in such rotten shape it would be a confession of bankruptcy. So I came here and opened a lingerie shop on North Michigan Avenue, across the bridge. Haven't you seen it? It's supposed to be very smart."

"I don't doubt it," he sighed. "You always had perfect taste—"

He broke off suddenly; they both flushed scarlet.

"So I'm earning my living at last," she said, hurried and unsteady. "Not much more; but that helps, now that Dad can't afford to give me an allowance." Again she flushed; that allowance—five times as big as a young lawyer's earnings in Blainesville—had been one of the things they quarreled about. "Let's go," she said abruptly. They pushed out through the crowd, got into her roadster, parked outside. "I've got some good beer at my apartment," she said. "But that's on Elm Street—miles away." (Just as well, he reflected, his heart pounding. Or maybe not just as well, at all.) "But there's a little place not far from here—" she said.

IT WAS like old times to be seated beside her, driving through the night; her bare shoulders shimmered in the lamplight, her red hair was faintly fragrant with that same ridiculously expensive scent she used to import from Paris. (He'd never met another woman who used it.) They drove up in front of a little restaurant—closed and dark.

"Of course," she said. "This is a family place—it closes early. . . . Grandi's will be open—but that's way out northwest." He laughed.

"Let's try it." He felt like a college boy after examinations are over; in the twenty minutes it took them to drive to Grandi's he thought about many things —old days in Blainesville, her slim hands on the wheel, her warm shoulder brushing his; but not about the White House. . . . They got a private room; he lit her cigarette; cool beer relaxed them. Presently, across her seidel, her brown eyes looked at him, unnaturally bright.

"So you're going to be President some day," she said. "I had lunch yesterday with Marge Bullen of Valley Falls—one of your alternates. Apparently she knows Ilconsota politics, even if she does spend most of her time at the convention dancing with her Chicago friends. And she told me that George Evans was going to make you governor this fall, and then—"

"I don't want to talk politics!" he exploded. "When I've got a chance to be with you again, after four years—"

"I shouldn't think you'd have wanted to see me, when I'd been so rotten to you. . . . Oh, yes—you were rotten to

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me, too. Silly, wasn't it, when we were so crazy about each other? Foolish children—"

"If I'd only understood," he groaned, "what it meant to you, a rich girl from a big city, to be cooped up in a little town that suited me—"

"But I was terribly spoiled, my dear. If I'd only understood that you were a person, not just raw material for me and my money to work on— We were two people; that was the whole trouble. If either of us had realized the other as a person, in time— Let's have some more beer."

"WAITER!" he said. "Two more.... No, make it four, so you won't have to keep coming in all the time." And when the beer had come, and the waiter had gone— "Sylvia!" he said. "If we know now where things went wrong—I —I'm still crazy about you; I always have been. If—"

"You're crazy about a memory. I know how you feel, but— No, no, Scott! Stay where you are!... We don't know each other," she sighed, "after four years... But what makes me mad," she said fierily, "is that what you wouldn't do for me you're doing for George Evans. I wanted you to move to Capital City, go into politics—but you'd be damned if you'd leave Blainesville, where a McCord had always been the leading citizen. Yet as soon as I'd gone back to Detroit—!" She broke off, drank deep.

"You know why I left Blainesville," he growled. "I couldn't stand it—something to remind me of you, every time I turned around. And then, when I began to make a reputation in the city, George Evans talked to me and I began—"

"Because he needed a nice, well-oiled marionette," she said scornfully. "That speech you made for Claghorn, Scott—it sickened me. A fine speech, a smart lawyer's argument—but if your mind is still as good as it used to be you know that Coe would make ten times as good a President."

"Probably. But Coe's made too many enemies; he can't be nominated. Not in this convention."

"If the Claghorn front breaks, anybody can be nominated—and it's shaky ... I've talked to national committeewomen who come in to buy nightgowns; they get quite confidential. There's a lot of Coe sentiment in Indiana—Iowa, too; but they're voting for Claghorn for the same reason you are—because they think he's going to win. And Ilconsota— Coe's got eleven votes already; if you voted your convictions you'd break the unit rule. But George Evans has promised to make you governor if you stand by Claghorn— You weren't like that, Scott, when you lived with me."

"Well, Sylvia, when you're in politics you can't have everything your own way. You've got to play along with the organization.... I'd like to be President; who wouldn't? I think I'd be a pretty good one—no worse than we usually get, anyway. But if I want nation-wide support, it's no good backing a loser. That's the way things are, and I can't change them."

"In the old days," she said, "you'd have tried.... Let's drink up our beer, and I'll drive you home. You're at the Blackstone, aren't you?"

"Damn!" he said. "Why did we ever start talking politics?"

"Because you're a politician," she told him bitterly.

"Right now I'm a man who wants you. I've missed you every minute since you went away. You'd like Capital City better than Blainesville—"

"It's no good," she said desperately. "When I first saw you this afternoon—up there on the speakers' stand, with the floodlights glaring on you—I was all melted and quivery. But when I heard what you had to say—"

"But it's absurd, just because you're for Coe and I'm for Claghorn—"

"It's not that. Can't you see? But of course you can't," she said drearily. "More than ever, we're two people." She tried to smile. "So now that we've made our apologies," she said, "and got rid of our sentimental reminiscences, let's see if we can't be friends."

"Friends be damned.... Will you lunch with me tomorrow?"

"I can't. I've got to be at the shop and you've got to be at the Stadium... But I'll see you at the night session," she promised. "Let's go."

SULLENLY he followed her out. But as they drove through the night in silence, their shoulders touching, he forgot politics, and hoped she might be forgetting, too. A cool lake breeze rushed past them; they drove on and on—like the old days, when they used to drive together on summer evenings. Half a block short of the lake, in a quiet street, she ran up to the curb in front of an apartment house.

"Here's where I live, Scott. It—it happened to be right on the way; I—I thought you might like to see my apartment—" Her voice gave out.

He stared at her, breathing hard; her eyes turned away.

"You know—you know I'd like to," he said. "But if—if I came up—"

"I know.... I—I suppose it would be crazy. To—to run the risk of starting something that might be hard to stop. And it would have to stop; a candidate for governor couldn't afford to get mixed up with a woman—even an ex-wife.... I—I can't drive you home, Scott. You'll find a taxi at the corner. Please go.... Please—"

He went—hurrying, so as not to see her cry.

THUMP! went the chairman's gavel; and twenty-two thousand people, steaming in a Chicago summer night, settled down with a great universal sigh of relief to the real business of the convention.

"The secretary will call the roll of states for the nomination of a candidate for President!"

Dimly Scott McCord realized that the next time he heard that, they'd be nominating him; but he was too hot and tired, too sulky and dispirited, to care about that now. It was two o'clock in the morning; everyone was exhausted by hours of windy oratory, synthetic demonstrations.... His eyes ran over the Ilconsota delegates, gasping and stewing in the heat, from George Evans in his aisle seat to white-haired Jake Moomaw at the other end of the row. (Moomaw was the Coe leader in Ilconsota; it griped his soul to be voted for Claghorn under the unit rule.) They all looked worn out—but none of them could feel as rotten as Scott McCord.

His eyes went back to a spot of color in a front-row box—ruddy hair and white shoulders above a green-gold evening gown. Sylvia was with friends tonight; three or four times he'd gone up to talk to her—and had had to talk

(Continued on page 39)

"Well, you outsmarted me," said Evans. "But I never quarrel with a winner"

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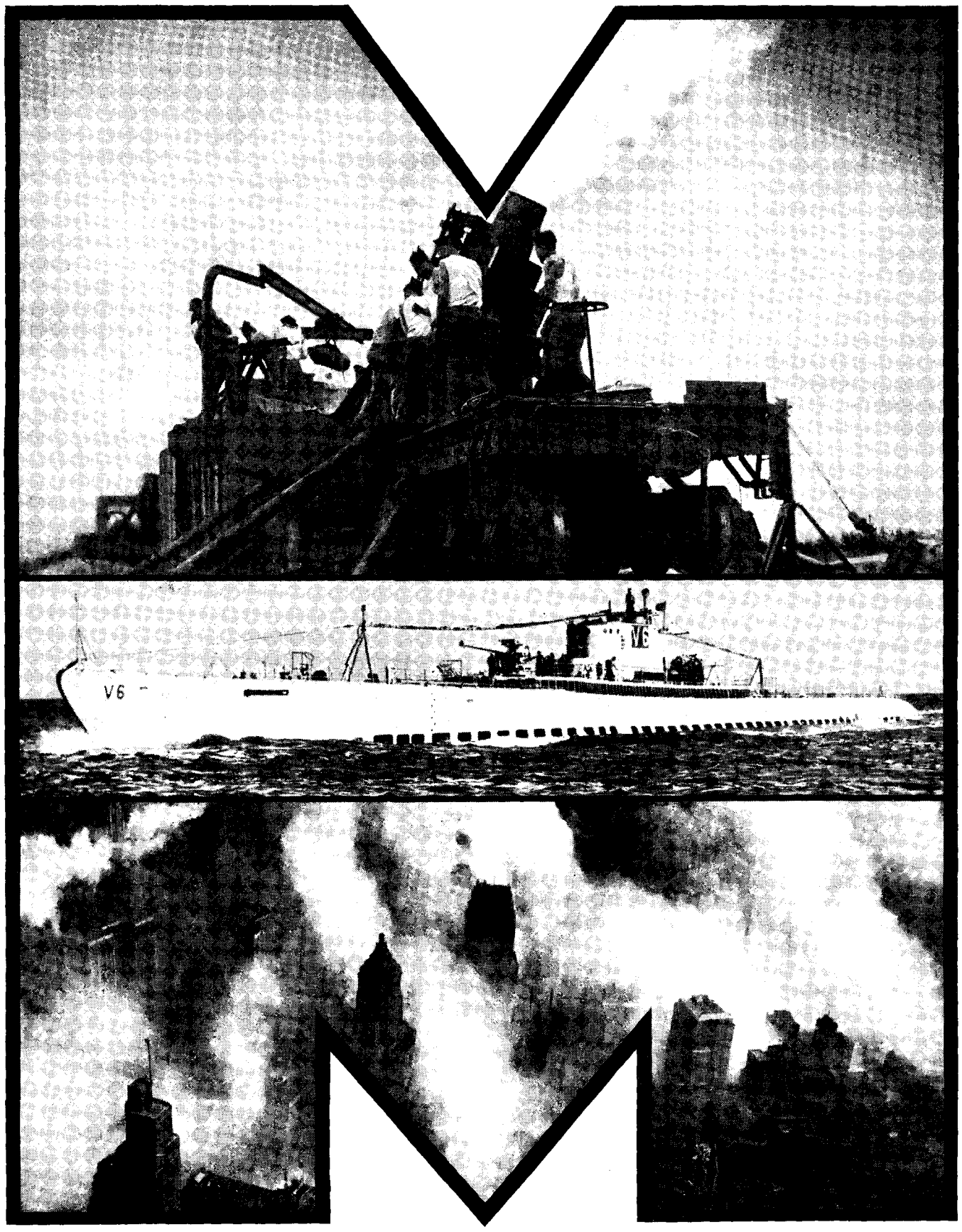

Above, a 12-inch railway mortar, a deadly mobile weapon; center, our latest-type submarine; below, a protective smoke screen over lower Manhattan

URDER

Poison gas, submarines, long-range cannon have no friends anywhere—everyone wants them to be outlawed for offense. But everyone keeps them for defense. What's the difference? Why can't we have even the crumbs of disarmament? In this article Mr. Shepherd tells you why

AT LAST we can talk about taking weapons away from soldiers without being called "pacifists." Roaring old men and hard-eyed, wrinkled old ladies who used to croak "pacifist" to everyone who suggested disarmament are among the many American "nuts" that have recently been cracked, the interiors yielding only shriveled kernels.

You can talk disarmament all you please these days and not a single withered—but fiery—patriot will dispute you. Maybe this is because there is no longer any money in such disputes. When fighting men themselves talk in favor of certain disarmament, what can the old-time "patriots" say?

With these ears I heard a top-notch fighting man, who today holds a very high position in our defending forces, pound a table and declare, while the recent session of the disarmament conference was under way in Geneva:

"All we Americans ask is that they leave us the war tools with which *men* meet *men*. We want to leave the women and children out of war. We Americans don't want to kill women and children. And we don't want our women and children killed in war. I'm only talking for decency and civilization. The whole world has gone too far in its selection of arms. What we Americans have been asking, and what President Hoover suggested to the nations in his special message last June, is that we all drop the women-and-children-killing tools which have been invented since the century began.

"We've got to head ourselves off. This is becoming not only foolish, it's becoming horrible! What's honorable or manly in using such tools as these?"

And then I got from this old-time specialist in arms a side light on our new and boasted war inventions which only a soldier could give, and which no quotation-marked patriot can laugh out of court.

"All of these twentieth century tools are in a family by themselves," he said. "They don't belong to the family of old-fashioned weapons to which we Americans would like to confine ourselves. They have one diabolical feature in common. It's this:

"These new tools are not selective. You can't use them for picking out the soldier you want to kill. In order to use them at their highest efficiency it is necessary to kill civilians—men, women and children."

We were discussing, at the time, President Hoover's recent suggestion to the world that "all bombing planes be abolished," and that aircraft carriers and submarines be reduced in number.

"Take everything that the President advised we drop," said the old-timer, "and you will see that, subconsciously or otherwise, we Americans are really trying to persuade the soldiers of the world, through their governments, to drop all civilian-killers from the kit of tools."

In the first place, among the implements of war which the President suggested be dropped, were chemical agents of all sorts.

Anything Rather Than Defeat

I talked with American Army officers who had been ordered to follow the course of events at Geneva and learned from them that the United States could easily drop chemical warfare if the other nations would do the same. Indeed, a resolution of the Geneva conference, which, in several respects, followed the President's suggestion, declares itself in favor of the abolition of chemical warfare.

Gas is the least selective weapon of war we know. It doesn't pick and choose its victims. No one dared to drop gas from airplanes during the last war. The retribution would have been too terrible. But this isn't saying that, in a crisis, gas would *not* have been dropped from planes if the war had gone on.

Here's a fact that must be kept in mind, and every Army and Navy man I have talked to agrees with it: No matter what rules of warfare we may make, no commander in the army or navy of any nation on earth can afford to lose a battle or war and go back to his people and say, "I could have won, only I did not dare to break the rules of warfare." His people, for whose freedom and welfare he had been fighting, would not forgive his failure on such an excuse as that.

This means that some day, in war, a commander will be put into such a desperate situation that, to save himself, it may be necessary to use gas on a civilian population. And the desperate man will use the gas; that's sure. It will be only human nature to do so.

There is one way to prevent his doing so, and that is to keep the gas and the tools for its distribution out of the hands of fighting men. But we cannot do this until all nations agree to do it.

For a time, until the recent Geneva conference, which passed a resolution against all chemical warfare, certain nations headed off all efforts to abolish chemical warfare. The reason they wished to keep poison gases and liquids was, after all, not so offensive as would seem at first glance.

The original uses of gas were revolting. When gas was first used in the World War it was intended to suffocate or strangle soldiers in the trenches. It

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for Defense

By William G. Shepherd

did not reach civilians. But we've marched ahead since those days. Today every European nation is prepared to defend every possible route by which an enemy could cross its borders. They are all ready, on the Continent, to put down areas of mustard gas at every point where troops might invade one country from another. This is a brilliant new idea. There would have been no gray lines of German soldiers plodding along toward Paris if they had been forced to march through mustard gas areas.

That gas not only chokes men; it burns flesh, through clothes. Once placed, the gas lies for days in the "guarded" area. You can still sniff it on a damp day, the Army men tell me, at Edgewood Arsenal, Maryland, where it was made in vast quantities fourteen years ago. It's a new kind of Chinese Wall, this gas area. It's too valuable, its friends say, to drop.

So we Americans will have to go on, until the Geneva resolutions are turned into reality, keeping gas and liquid chemicals in our kit of war tools—though we do not need it on our borders—until the nations are ready to drop it actually as a defensive element. They all say they don't want to use it aggressively, but as a defensive weapon they can't abolish it just at this time.

Bombardment aviation is another war tool we'd like to take out of the hands of our fighting men. President Hoover's suggestion was as definite as he could make it. He said, in his proposal: "All bombing planes to be abolished. This will do away with military possession of types of planes capable of attacks upon civilian populations and should be coupled with the total prohibition of *all* bombardment from the air."

Now, there's no halfway method of getting rid of bombardment aviation. It must all be gotten rid of, by everyone, at the same time. The airplane is a devilishly tempting tool of war. With it a commander, in a crisis, may be forced to go to unheard-of lengths in desperate deeds.

I learned why the nations cannot agree to abolish plane bombardment. They must use it *defensively*.

But it was Argentina that spoke its mind openly on aviation when the statesmen were conferring at Geneva recently.

"We won't drop planes," they said. "We spend money on bombardment planes instead of upon a navy. We have satisfied ourselves that bombs weighing one thousand pounds or even less will crush in the sides of a great battleship if dropped in the water alongside it. And we plan to send out planes carrying such bombs, instead of sending out battleships, in case we are threatened by an enemy's fleet."

So we come to this puzzle: When used defensively, against an invading enemy, a sea-bound nation might use airplanes in such a way as to avoid all danger to noncombatants. But, because there are nations which hope to use planes for this plain, simple, soldier-vs.-soldier purpose, other nations, possessing planes, might be tempted to use them against cities in a way that would be appalling—beyond description.

Death Rides the Air

We Americans have over one thousand planes. About 150 of them are bombardment machines that can carry one ton of bombs. This means they are fitted to carry and drop, with good aim, two one-thousand-pound bombs, or four five-hundred-pound bombs, or six bombs weighing three hundred pounds each, or nineteen bombs weighing about one hundred pounds each.

The Army has spilled out over the sea. The Navy's aviation base is a plane-carrying ship. It's the Army's job to protect the shore line, out over the water, as far as planes can safely fly from land.

That's where the bombs weighing one hundred pounds and up come in. So much for the Army's *sea* bombardment.

"Now the Army is not boasting of what it can do in *land* bombardment," one Army expert told me. "Plans for destroying an entire city, wiping it out completely, razing its skyscrapers and killing its occupants, most positively do not exist. We have no such plans.

"Why destroy a city which you hope to take? The latest idea among Army men—all Army men, I believe, in all countries—is to destroy the nerve centers of a city by aerial bombardment. With the light plant, the water plant and the garbage disposal system destroyed, a city soon becomes helpless. For such purposes the heavy bombs might be used.

Arguments for Peace

"But small thirty-pound bombs are the backbone of our land bombardment system. An enemy dropping many thirty-pound bombs over a city would create far more fear among civilians, thus forcing them to demand that their government make peace, than a few skyscraper-leveling half-ton bombs," he concluded.

I don't like that picture. No American Army man does. I'm telling you this so that all Americans will see it as the Army men do. That's the sort of thing the President wanted to get rid of when he made his suggestion to Geneva to drop all bombing planes and all air bombardment. They are weapons that are not selective.

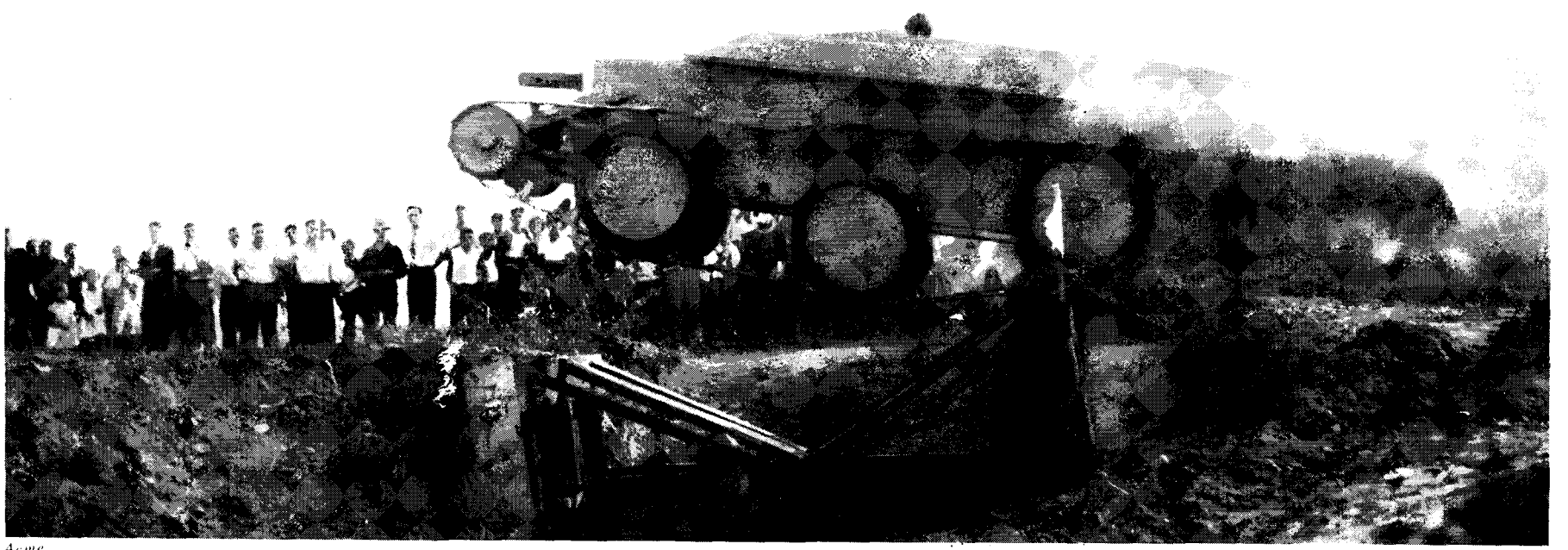
Another tool of war that is not selective, when used at its highest efficiency, is the large mobile gun. Here we come to something very interesting about all weapons.

Huge fixed guns such as guard San Francisco or New York are, practically speaking, touched off by the enemy. In

(Continued on page 48)

We pay for Armament with our Lives

The leading nations expend over five billion a year for armaments. The United States expends around seven hundred million. In each and all of these nations the people are losing their homes, their farms; businesses are being crippled; children deprived of education and proper nourishment because of the constantly increasing burden of taxes. Easily one half of this vast sum could be saved to the taxpayers under a sound program of disarmament and no nation's safety or security be imperiled. These large sums are expended in the name of "defense." The most serious menace to government today, here and elsewhere, is the undermining of the physical and moral well-being, the depletion of the manhood and womanhood of the nation through economic conditions the most devastating feature of which is the burdens of armaments.



Acme

A new U. S. Army tank which can travel at 120 miles per hour, leaping a 35-foot ditch at high speed

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As Meridew went toward the swinging doors, they opened. One of the doors shielded him.

The Great Abduction

The Story Thus Far:

BRAMER, America's boldest racketeer, tells Granman, one of his henchmen, and DiSalvo, his lawyer, what his next coup is to be. The two men gasp in amazement. "You're crazy," says Granman. "It's impossible—preposterous!" exclaims DiSalvo. Bramer merely smiles. "Listen, you two," he says—and Granman and DiSalvo listen. . . .

A momentous conference, that. While it is being held in New York City Tilly Gentry is entertaining week-end guests at her beautiful Long Island estate. Among the guests are Ken Meridew and Myrna Dale. Meridew is an astute political observer—the Leader's most brilliant reporter. Myrna is a fascinating woman: young, clever, rich. They meet—and Meridew realizes that here, at last, he has found a woman he *might* care to marry. There is, however, little chance for love-making. For Brockridge arrives—Brockridge, the President of the United States—and Meridew and Myrna are promptly presented.

The President, a widower nearing sixty, is all a President should be—a truly remarkable man. Meridew, who has never before met him, is impressed by his forceful personality, his graciousness, his wit. And, to his dismay, he observes that Myrna Dale is likewise impressed—so obviously interested in the new arrival that he, Kendrick Meridew, who has hitherto been immune to such emotions, is forced to admit that, for once, he is jealous—jealous of the President of the United States! . . .

By the time Meridew is back in New York, the conference between Bramer, Granman and DiSalvo is at an end. And Bramer has won over the two skepties. He has convinced them that his scheme—received with such incredulity—is not only possible but quite feasible. That scheme (carefully evolved, with not one detail overlooked) is to kidnap, and hold for a five-million-dollar ransom, the most important, the most carefully guarded man on earth: *President Brockridge!*

II

HE FOUND it difficult to concentrate on tomorrow's article, when, having dined at a little restaurant near the Leader building, he reached the office. He read cables from Europe and went over the flimsy from the Washington office. But he found inspiration hard to achieve.

Corthell, the cynical youth who had made society reporting pay tremendously, by virtue of a daring and mordant wit, entered his office.

"The great man struggles with ideas, eh?" he grinned.

Meridew smiled. He liked Corthell. Absolutely unimpressed by the pretensions of the people whose daily doings he reported and commented upon, Corthell was nevertheless a tremendous snob. Yet he was honest in his snobbery. He never pretended to be anything else. And his liking for Meridew, the latter knew, was based in great part upon the fact that Meridew belonged to the Mallet and was on the proper invitation lists. Nevertheless, he was an amusing little man.

"We need ideas in my branch of the Fourth Estate," smiled Meridew. "In yours one only needs a reception, a wedding or a tea."

"Says you," scoffed Corthell. "All you have to do is read what some pompous jackass says and try to equal him in jackasinine pomposity. But, at that, some of the people you write about say

or do something interesting once in a while, whereas the subjects of my daily feuilletons neither say nor do anything interesting. *I* have to *make* them interesting."

"All of which leads to what?" asked Meridew.

"Strain not the quality of your cordiality," grinned Corthell. "Some day I may give you a hot political tip. I had to go and watch Betty Baring slip the nuptial noose about the neck of Tim Rainsford. Boy, that was a lassoing that would make Will Rogers jealous. Tim had been running from pillar to post for, lo, those three years, but I guess the hot weather weakened him. Anyway, Betty caught him at last."

"Chivalrous little swine, aren't you?" said Meridew.

CORTHELL grinned again, quite amiably.

"In private one must be honest. Well, what I wanted was something about Tilly Gentry's tea. I couldn't get out there. I know the list of people, but did anything happen? Say, I like Brockridge. He has his nerve teaing with the Gentrys. I should think he'd be afraid the yellow press would scream about his being the chum of bankers and capitalists."

"I guess he has more courage than that," said Meridew.

"Or more rashness. But he's been a friend of Tilly's since she was a baby. Well, did he *say* anything?"

"If he did, it will go in my column, not yours," said Meridew.

"I understand Myrna Dale was there. Know her?"

"Met her today," said Meridew.

"There's a strange one," said Corthell. "A perfect beauty—I saw her in Paris in May. Plenty money and good position. But runs around only with the intellectuals of Europe. And they must be a heavy lot. Tilly must feel quite set up. A presidential candidate and Myrna Dale at the same tea. Somebody may tie it, but no one will beat it this summer."

"Really? Is Myrna Dale as important as all that?"

Corthell shrugged.

"You poor dumb-bell! You don't know your own gang as well as I do. Don't you realize that anyone who *can* go with your crowd, and doesn't, becomes tremendously interesting to them? Some day I'm going to write a book on the geniuses who knew enough to high-hat society instead of trying to crawl in."

"I hope it will sell more than mine did," said Meridew. "And now will you let me alone?"

"I might just as well not have come here," bewailed Corthell. "You haven't told me what the women wore—"

"Dresses," snapped Meridew. "Just an old-fashioned crew. Not a pajama in the lot."

"I knew I'd dig it out of you if I kept on trying," chuckled Corthell. "Now I can do a column. Tilly Gentry frowns on pajama fad. Much obliged."

Meridew lifted a book and Corthell ducked through the door. Meridew put the book down, grinning. Amusing little hound. . . . So Myrna Dale was reputed to be an intellectual, eh? Well, he had discovered that for himself. She talked like a woman of forty. . . . Damnation, he must take his mind off her if he wanted to do his daily stint.

Hang it, he'd not asked for her phone number. Well, the city editor would let him peep at the photostat pages which contained all the private telephone numbers in the city, if she didn't happen to be in the public directory. And in the meantime, he'd put her out of his mind and write his article.

HE HAD finished, an hour and a half later, when his telephone rang. Dabney, owner and publisher of the Leader, was on the wire.

"Finished?" he said.

"Your hired man has just turned in his copy," said Meridew.

"That's fine. Hung around the office this afternoon thinking you might show up. Wanted to talk to you. Doing anything now?"

"I had thought of a cold tub, a book and bed," replied Meridew.

"Can't sleep on a hot July night, not even in that wind-swept penthouse of yours," said Dabney. "Besides, I'm up to my neck in pretty girls and need help."

"Ah-ha," said Meridew. "May a mere hired man express the hope that Mrs. Dabney is enjoying every minute of the hot spell at Bar Harbor?"

"Ah-ha yourself, you evil-minded young man," laughed Dabney. "It's Mrs. Dabney herself who brought the

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John Gannam

But it did not shield the person entering

By Arthur Somers Roche

pretty girls. She blew in from Maine this morning. If you knew anything but politics and finance—if you knew as much as Bob Corthell, for example—"

"The little brat was in my office annoying me a while ago," chuckled Meridew. "He mentioned my ignorance of certain matters."

"And rightly," said Dabney. "Well, anyway, Frances came down for the Baring-Rainsford wedding, brought two girls and picked up a third and there are only three of us men, so you see?"

"I see that I took this job under a misapprehension," said Meridew. "I didn't know my job was partly dancing man. If I had I'd have taken less money. Where are you?"

"Good lad," said Dabney. "Casino. And, incidentally, I wanted to talk to you."

"Okay," said Meridew. "Forty minutes."

HE GRIMACED as he hung up. He liked Dabney, and he thought Frances Dabney was a corker. He admired the way Dabney, instead of letting other people run the paper he had inherited, worked on the job incessantly. At thirty-two Dabney was no longer running on the momentum of his father's name. He was an excellent newspaper man. And Frances Dabney always found some excuse to be with her husband. If it hadn't been the wedding, it was a certainty that she would have found some other occasion for coming to New York. They were, after six years of marriage, still ardently in love. Splendid people.

Nevertheless, Meridew wished that he could have gone home to stay. It was too hot for dancing. However, he had told Ned Dabney that he would be there, and be there he would.

He paused to glance through the telephone book but Myrna Dale's name was not listed there. So he stopped at the city editor's desk and ran over the list of private numbers, and jotted down her Sixty-third Street address as well as the telephone number. Then he taxied to his apartment building, was shot up to the roof, and entered his apartment.

Durfee, who, with his wife, ran the simple ménage, knocked on his bedroom door as Meridew was changing.

"Going out, sir?" His voice was reproachful. "Minnie"—he mentioned his wife—"had an idea you might want something, and she's put out potato salad and iced coffee on the porch—"

"'Newspaper man slain by cook.' That will be the headline some day, Durfee," said Meridew. "Potato salad on the hottest night of the summer."

"Very cooling, and the coffee is quite weak, sir," said the man. "I'll fix the studs, sir, while you bathe."

"And put the salad in the ice-box. I may want it later," said Meridew.

Dinner-coated, he entered the Casino well within the forty minutes. A head-waiter ushered him quickly to the Dabney table. There were the Dabneys, Talbot French, Will Dewart and two pretty girls whom he did not know.

Frances Dabney greeted him gayly. "I've told Ned to employ no one but bachelors," she said. "Then the extra-man problem is solved." She introduced Meridew to the two girls, Martha Ansted and Mildred Esher.

Meridew looked at his hostess.

"Ned told me you had an extra girl," he said reproachfully.

"Mortie Disston came over to the table and begged a dance," she replied. "Here she is. You know her?"

Meridew was on his feet, and that hateful color surged in his cheeks.

"Sly puss," Frances greeted Myrna Dale. "You never said that you knew Ken when I told Ned to telephone him."

Myrna smiled.

"We met this afternoon for the first time," she said. "And if he refused to join us that would be a blow to my pride, wouldn't it?"

"HUH," said Dabney. "Take this blow home with you. I didn't tell him you were with us. Just said three pretty girls. So he didn't come for you at all."

"Yes, but he manages to be around," said Mortie Disston. "This afternoon at Tilly's—Miss Dale, our acquaintance is brief, but my friendship is sincere, I might even say profound. May I tell you that Meridew's reputation is not of the best, that his character is loathesome?"

"How entertaining," said Myrna. "Thank you for the warning." She smiled at Meridew. "I'm almost afraid to grant the dance that I know you are longing to ask for."

Dabney was already on his feet, his arm about the waist of Miss Ansted. Talbot French took Mrs. Dabney and Will Dewart stepped off with Mildred Esher. It was Meridew's duty to ask his hostess for the first dance, but matters had been arranged otherwise. He glided onto the floor with Myrna Dale.

She danced, as he had expected, divinely. So light that leading her was a matter of thought transference rather than of pressure of the hand, the man who held her was nevertheless conscious that a woman was in his arms.

"This is an unexpected pleasure," he said, conscious of the banality even as he uttered it. "You didn't let me drive you back to New York."

"When I had the chance of dining with a President? Now, really, Mr. Meridew—"

"You might have let me know," he reproached her.

"But President Brockridge was in a hurry. An early dinner at the Cooleys', and then a conference—"

"You didn't attend that?" he smiled.

"Hardly. I should have loved it, though."

"Did he motor you into New York?" he made the question elaborately casual.

"Yes. Poor man. He had to motor out to Long Island again tonight, if he wanted golf tomorrow—and he does."

"You got along well together; you know his tastes, don't you?"

"He knew my father; we talked about him," she replied.

A CERTAIN coolness in her voice warned him. What was the matter with him, anyway? he asked himself. One of the most charming and interesting women he had ever met preferred Brockridge's company to his own—and why not? But he was dancing with her now, and a man who was captious when he had so much deserved nothing.

"I got your telephone number. I meant to call you up tomorrow," he said.

"I trust you're not a man who changes his mind too easily," she said.

"We might make an engagement now," he suggested.

"In such hot weather? You're too impetuous, Mr. Meridew." But her smile took any rebuke from the words. Nevertheless, he let the subject drop. And when they returned to the table the assiduous Mortie Disston was there, beaming.

Ned Dabney maneuvered his chair beside that of Meridew. He nodded toward Disston.

"Myrna Dale has sunk him quickly enough," commented the publisher. "He's certainly ignoring the party he came with. Oh, well, if it weren't for sudden love the divorce lawyers would starve, wouldn't they? She's quite a person, though. Someone told Frances she was in town, and nothing would do but she must ring her up instantly and get her to join us. And then we had to have you—but not for her alone. I wanted to ask you—Ken, what do you think of things?"

Meridew stared at his employer.

"On this hot Friday night? In this Casino? With pretty girls to dance with? I am your bond-slave in office hours, Chief, but when I am out stepping my soul belongs to whatever girl—"

"Yes, I know," interrupted Dabney dryly. "And if one of them looks at you, you get all hot and bothered and scared to death."

HIS voice lowered, and the tone of badinage left it. "Ken, you're the best general columnist in New York. The Leader's roving commentator—that's you. I leave you entirely alone. No one ever gives you an order. If you want to go abroad, you sail that night. The Leader has faith in your nose for news. If you think there's more news in Europe than there is in America—we let you go."

He paused and lighted a cigarette. Meridew's lips curled in a faint grin.

"It sounds like the prelude to my discharge," he said.

"You know better than that, Ken," said Dabney. "It's the prelude to a request. Ken, I asked you what you thought of things. And I didn't mean the depression or the Sino-Jap situation or prohibition—although that last certainly enters into it. I meant, Ken, the crime situation in this country—and more particularly in New York."

"Well, it's pretty rotten, isn't it?" parried Meridew.

"We both know that," said Dabney. "But *how* rotten? Ken, things can't continue as they are. No visible government can exist side by side with an invisible government. One or the other has to give in in the end. And crime is no longer—hasn't been for years—an individual thing, or even a group thing. It's so highly organized that—but you know that as well as I do. I'm not

(Continued on page 44)

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But Not for Love

The romantic adventure of a man of parts who had a large heart—and a long head

By Gilbert Frankau

IT IS only after the most mature deliberation—backed by the certain knowledge that my dear wife's passion for economy entirely precludes the buying of illustrated magazines—that I, Charles Cigarini, chef-de-restaurant of the Hotel Fantastic, have decided to narrate this, perhaps the most moving, the most beautiful, the most sacred incident in my life.

And lest any should imagine that I am narrating it boastfully, for self-advertisement or with the Machiavellian thought of persuading an even more distinguished feminine clientele to visit the restaurant over which I have the honor of presiding, let me say at once that this incident not only never has had, but never will have, its parallel in my career.

For my career, successful though I have made it, is not that of a Don Juan or a Benvenuto Cellini. Much as I adore the ladies of the *monde*—without whose joyous expenditures, indeed, Mayfair might easily degenerate into a mere Camberwell—my adoration for them is always a distant one. To hover at their dear elbows while they dine or lunch under my auspices satisfies all my desires toward them; and, had it not been preëmpted by an even nobler personage, I should most certainly have caused that lovely motto, *Ich dien*, to be painted on all four doors of the handy automobile (an absolute bargain) which I have just acquired.

In the days of which I now write, however, no idea that I might ever possess my own motor car had crossed my mind. Chef-de-restaurant I certainly was—and chef-de-restaurant of this very Fantastic which, today, is so sought after by the élite that even our most distinguished clients are forced to book their tables early.

But in those days, despite all the magnificence of its appointments, despite all the perfections of its foods, of its cellar, of its service, The Fantastic was almost always empty. And never shall I forget the excitement caused among our loyal staff, almost all of whom were under notice, when we received that telegram signed "Wilhelm von-am-zu-und-bei Veikesberg" ordering us to reserve our best possible accommodation for that distinguished person for "the first of April prox."

Immediately on receipt of that telegram, Credito, our head reception clerk, sent one of our two page boys scurrying for the Almanach de Gotha. Within five minutes our principal debenture holder, who was even then threatening to foreclose, had been informed of the miraculous change in our fortunes. Within ten, the press had been entrusted with our secret.

And half an hour later—the telegram, owing to a mistake in our cable address, which is ROB-AM and not ROBBEM, London, having been several days delayed in its transmission—our scarlet station omnibus, driven by our blue-uniformed chauffeur, with our bemedaled luggage porter sitting at attention beside him, was speeding for Victoria as fast as the traffic would permit.

That omnibus, by the grace of God, Who has never yet deserted—even when the mark was at its lowest—the house of Veikesberg, arrived in time; and although, needless to say, I was not actually present when the train which had the unique honor of carrying His Serene Transparency Count Von - am - zu - und - bei Veikesberg drew up at the Continental arrival platform, I am nevertheless in a position to assure my readers that no more enthusiastic welcome of a distinguished foreigner has ever dignified these hospitable shores.

THE very customs officials, though they did not actually abase themselves, forbore from examining more than nine of the twelve trunks which His Transparency himself insisted on unlocking for them. Several porters, in addition to our own, were present. And within less than three quarters of an hour after the train's arrival—so ideal had been the arrangements made by our Southern Railway—the scarlet omnibus, with His Serene Transparency and His Serene Transparency's wife inside it, was speeding back to our hotel.

There, in our celebrated courtyard, a photographer and almost our entire staff awaited them; and as the omnibus drew to a standstill a subdued cheer rose from our serried ranks.

Credito himself took His Transparency's overcoat from him; and would have taken Her Transparency's little dressing-case also, had she not forbidden it with a shake of her heavily veiled head, saying as she did so—and even then, even though she spoke in English, something about her voice struck me as faintly familiar—"T'ank you. But da little bottles—I myself carry."

As, indeed, she did—and all the way to our Royal Suite.

I had hoped—with what fervor you can imagine—that the pair of them would celebrate their arrival in our great metropolis by immediately patronizing my restaurant. The count, however, weary with his long voyage, decreed otherwise; and since it seemed to me hardly fitting that a mere floor waiter (and more especially one under notice) should attend him, I myself presented the menu and the wine list—which last he scanned for some considerable time, thus giving me the opportunity of noticing what a picture he made in his crêpe-de-Chine dressing-gown, before exclaiming, with a sharp tug at his gray beard and several sharp creases on his square forehead: "But you have not the Schloss Veikesberg on this wine card—and if you do not procure some instantly, I leave the hotel."

Whereupon—since anything seemed better than that he should leave us—I summoned all my tact to my aid; assured him that I had always regarded the vintage of his own castle (to stimulate the sale of which, I subsequently ascertained, was the prime purpose of his visit) as too precious to be listed for the average client; received his order for two plates of lentil soup, two Vienna steaks, two portions of mashed potatoes, with cheese, butter and biscuits to follow; and hurried away as fast as my feet would carry me to procure the necessary wine.

How I procured that wine—or at any rate the labels which Gelido Chianti, then as now our head wine waiter, subsequently pasted on our second-best Liebfraumilch—would make in itself a longish epic. And if I brush the achievement over lightly, it is only because there followed, within five minutes of those labels being pasted on those bottles, the first of the incidents which I, Charles Cigarini, shall remember to my dying day.

During those five minutes—and how clearly, even after all these years, they come back to me!—His Transparency had rung no less than five times to demand why his lentil soup still tarried. And since it seemed to me just possible that a less tactful mouth than my own might reveal the true cause of the delay, I decided it not beneath my dignity to serve the collation he had ordered with my own hands.

BUT hardly had I knocked on the double doors of the Royal Apartment, hardly had I opened those doors, hardly had my eyes fallen on the gracious lady who, unveiled now, stood, in an even more splendid dressing-gown than her aging husband, by the marble mantelpiece, than my very hands seemed to fail me.

For where, I asked myself, where and under what circumstances, had I seen that gracious lady before?

Very tall, she was; but her mere bulk redeemed the suggestion of overtallness. Three great diamond rings sparkled on her plump fingers; and both her plump arms—her dressing-gown being entirely without sleeves—revealed themselves glittering with those heavy bangles which the *monde* knows as service stripes.

Yet it was not so much the lady's jewels, nor even her torso, which seemed familiar to me, as her face.

Her face—I can see it now; indeed, I still see it almost daily—was very smooth and very white except where the generous mouth slashed it with vermilion and the two dark eyes blazed almost blue-black under the plucked brows. And the hair, too, was blue-black—beautiful.

But whether it was the mouth of her, or the eyes of her, or only that one strand of hair which dropped, light as a feather, into her lentil soup when my hands at last steadied themselves sufficiently to commence serving it, that first brought back the past to me, I shall never know.

All I know is that suddenly the past was brought back; that suddenly, even while I made to serve the wine of Gelido Chianti's preparing, I recognized,

For where, I asked myself, where and under what circumstances, had I seen that gracious lady before?

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in His Serene Transparency's wife, Pettina—Pettina Papricotti—Pettina mia, as I used to call her—the slim, passionate Neapolitan girl who had captured all my heart, and sworn to kill me if ever I proved faithless, while she was still peeling potatoes in my father's *osteria* on the road to Posilipo a quarter of a century before Mussolini set his cruel heel on our Italian necks.

Our eyes met, and I knew that Pettina's soul, even as my soul, had gone back into its past.

We were together again, under the old vine trellis outside the old kitchen. From within came the sound of my father's voice, "Carlo! Pettina! Santa Maria—but where is that devil's spawn of a Pettina, where is that mackerel of a Carlo?" But what did we care for my father's voice, or my mother's—though she, too, was bawling for the pair of us—with that guitar playing Funiculi-Funicula and the tram cars going by; and the sun sinking over the blue harbor water, and all the lights of Naples calling to us, calling to us that we should take the tram car and go off and dance together?

"Death take the old woman!" cried Pettina passionately. "What does she want of me? The potatoes are all done; and even if they weren't it's my free evening, isn't it?"

And I, "*Ma sicuro,* it's your free evening; and I have six lire and seventy-five centesimi."

SIX lire and seventy-five centesimi! No inconsiderable sum in those happy, far-off days when five and twenty lire bought a good English sovereign. Yet what was money to me then—except paper with which to buy the red wine Pettina loved, and the ribbons Pettina loved, and her tram-car ticket?

Yes, paper. Strange as it may seem, I, Charles Cigarini, now with his own motor car and his own freehold in Camberwell and his own snug little nest egg, tell you that then money meant even less than paper to me. For was I not—and for the first time—in love?

In love. And for the first time. You have to be a Neapolitan to understand what that means; to realize the flood of memories which overwhelmed me as I stood there, a quarter of a century afterward, with her husband just setting his lips to my first outpouring of the Schloss Liebfraumilch-Veikesberg and Pettina's eyes looking deep into mine.

Older she might be. Plumper she might be. More affluent she might be. Almost of sovereign rank she might be. Married she might be—and her very nationality changed by the hymeneal relationship. But to me she was still the same Pettina—the slim, passionate girl of my own home town whose lips had breathed "Rather than lose you, I would kill you" against my lips under the old vine trellis outside my father's *osteria* long and long ago.

Somehow, after her spouse had graciously approved of it, I managed to serve her wine. Somehow, leaving them still with their soup, I managed to stagger from that purple-and-gold apartment. But once outside their doors, the very shirt front I was wearing seemed to buckle; and only the thought of my own dear one, to whom I had but recently allied myself in holy wedlock, nerved me to complete my task.

ALL the time I was completing my task Pettina's glances followed me; and once, looking at her from behind her transparent husband's chair, our eyes met again; and I knew that she also was seeing me not as I am (for I also have changed a little with the years) but as I was in those dear old days on the Posilipo road.

"Carlo mio," those eyes seemed to be saying; and had it not been for the thought of my recently espoused dear one, my own would have answered them, "Pettina—cara, cara Pettina mia."

For even after she had deserted me for a mere chef, whose sudden demise some years later had been attributed by the authorities to the fact that he had overeaten of his own cooking, I had gone on loving her—and such love does not die easily in a bosom such as mine.

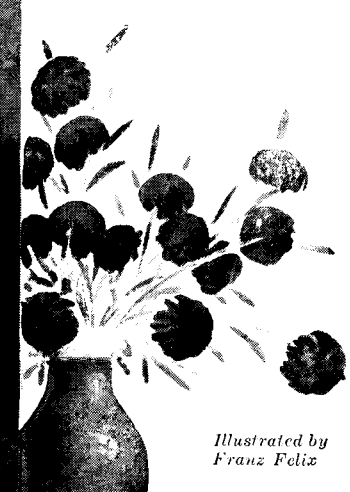
All my way home to Camberwell, indeed, Pettina's eyes haunted me; and when at last I fell asleep on my dear one's shoulder it was only to dream of that other, even ampler shoulder. But not for nothing had Carlo Cigarini become Charles Cigarini; and by next morning all my thoughts were for my duty: no sinecure since the press, chronicling His Serene Transparency's arrival, had cast its kindly limelight on our hotel.

That day, thanks to Their Transparencies' making their first public appearance in my restaurant, we served—a record at this, the lowest ebb in our fortunes—no less than forty luncheons. And next day we served fifty. And on the third day. . . . But by then I had actually spoken with my Pettina: so that even my memory for such details, wonderful though it is, cannot recall my exact share of the *douceurs* during that eventful week.

All that week—when I look back on it now—is a mere blur.

(Continued on page 37)

We were together again, under the old vine trellis outside the kitchen



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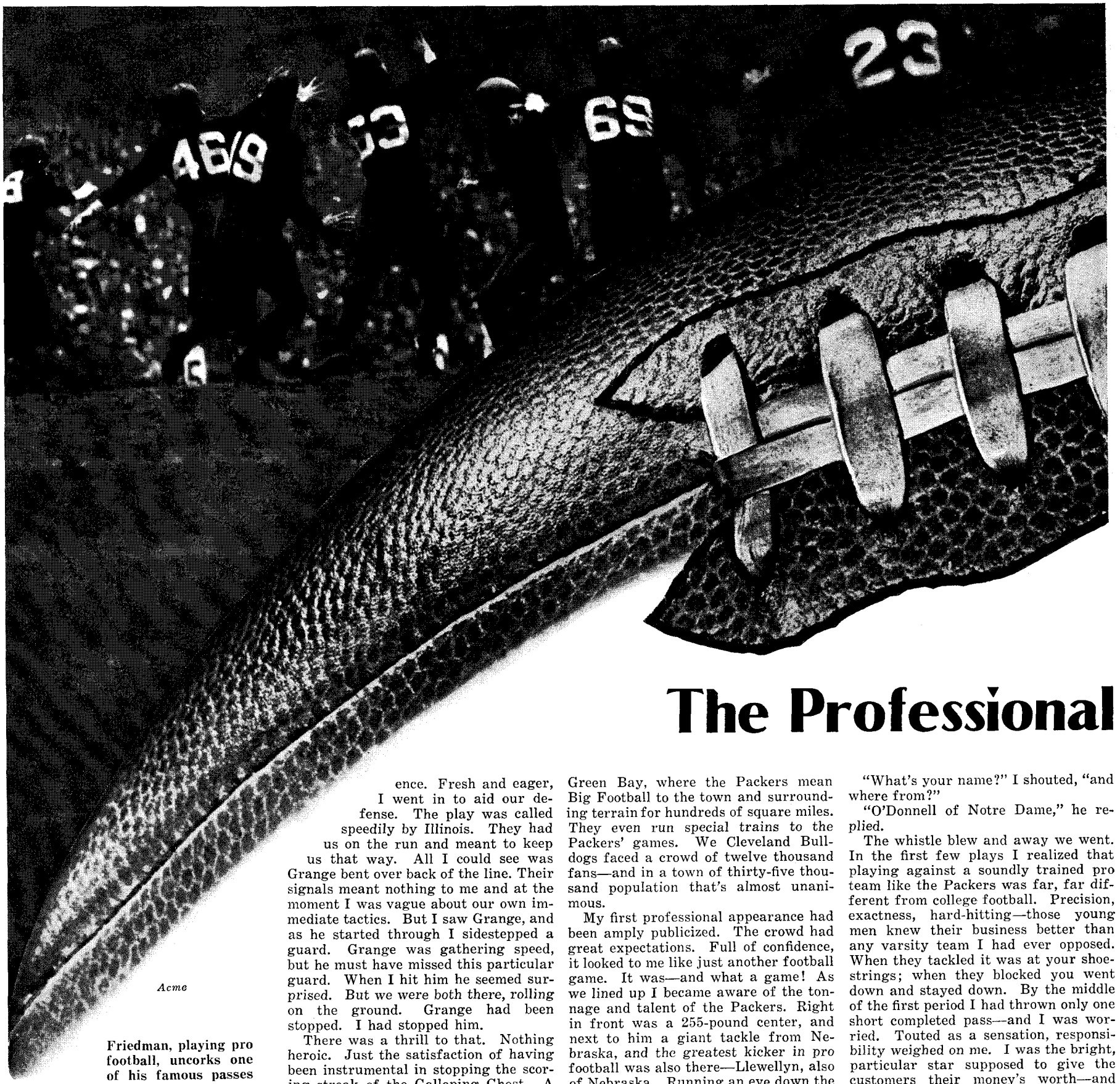

Acme

Friedman, playing pro football, uncorks one of his famous passes

The Professional

I WAS a substitute player on the Michigan bench in that sensational game back in 1924 with Illinois. Red Grange had amazed massed stands out at Champaign by tearing our team to pieces for four straight touchdowns. Five minutes to go and the coach signaled me to go in and throw passes.

Here was the moment I'd dreamed about—my first play in a varsity game. In practice before that game I'd been nervous, muffing throws in passing—afraid of the crowd. But sitting there on the bench, watching the slaughter of our team by the Illinois machine with Grange as its torpedo, I had realized what the boys in the thick of it could not—that Grange could be stopped.

This realization had become a conviction as I saw him gain yardage, play after play, because our tacklers were blocked out by his magnificent interference. Fresh and eager, I went in to aid our defense. The play was called speedily by Illinois. They had us on the run and meant to keep us that way. All I could see was Grange bent over back of the line. Their signals meant nothing to me and at the moment I was vague about our own immediate tactics. But I saw Grange, and as he started through I sidestepped a guard. Grange was gathering speed, but he must have missed this particular guard. When I hit him he seemed surprised. But we were both there, rolling on the ground. Grange had been stopped. I had stopped him.

There was a thrill to that. Nothing heroic. Just the satisfaction of having been instrumental in stopping the scoring streak of the Galloping Ghost. A novice, I felt pretty good about it. The old school, it seemed to me, had been justified in selecting me as one of her warriors. A little eager and vain—what athlete isn't?—I had visions of a headline in the paper the next day. Something like this: "Great Grange Stopped by Friedman of Michigan."

Well, only one reporter mentioned that tackle by me, and he got my back number wrong so that another player received the credit. The whole story of that game was of the awful downfall of Michigan. Yet, in my disappointment, there was a thrill. I had actually done something to prove myself a real major-league football player in something besides a practice game.

There was a thrill of another kind when I made my début as a professional footballer. Graduating with an A. B. degree and having been assigned a place on the All-America gave me the idea that I was a young man all set to go places. The first place I went was Green Bay, where the Packers mean Big Football to the town and surrounding terrain for hundreds of square miles. They even run special trains to the Packers' games. We Cleveland Bulldogs faced a crowd of twelve thousand fans—and in a town of thirty-five thousand population that's almost unanimous.

My first professional appearance had been amply publicized. The crowd had great expectations. Full of confidence, it looked to me like just another football game. It was—and what a game! As we lined up I became aware of the tonnage and talent of the Packers. Right in front was a 255-pound center, and next to him a giant tackle from Nebraska, and the greatest kicker in pro football was also there—Llewellyn, also of Nebraska. Running an eye down the line I observed Lidberg, fullback, of Minnesota, Dilwick and Iwing of Marquette. Nice little playmates, that line—averaging 230 pounds of muscle and drive and experience.

As One Irishman to Another

My face reflected consternation, for when I glanced from the opponents' line before me to their substitutes on the bench and there beheld an array of squatting giants glaring at us, ready to go, I thought aloud:

"That doesn't make the outlook much brighter."

An answer came, in high-pitched Yiddish. Translated:

"Keep your chin up, Benny. It's a nice, friendly game."

I wondered who could be a fellow Jew in the opposing line-up. Nose guards hid any instant recognition; but I saw a huge tackle laugh. He was the guy who had greeted me in Yiddish.

"What's your name?" I shouted, "and where from?"

"O'Donnell of Notre Dame," he replied.

The whistle blew and away we went. In the first few plays I realized that playing against a soundly trained pro team like the Packers was far, far different from college football. Precision, exactness, hard-hitting—those young men knew their business better than any varsity team I had ever opposed. When they tackled it was at your shoestrings; when they blocked you went down and stayed down. By the middle of the first period I had thrown only one short completed pass—and I was worried. Touted as a sensation, responsibility weighed on me. I was the bright, particular star supposed to give the customers their money's worth—and there in front of me was a line that an army tank couldn't budge.

I got through that game, with a few rest spots to soothe battered bones. My team lost. My own performance had been fair but undistinguished; but I'd seen more fast football in that hour than in an entire schedule of varsity games.

Trotting off the field, I had an uneasy feeling that we professional recruits from Cleveland had been a disappointment. The crowd thought otherwise. They gave us a rousing cheer.

At that moment I sensed the psychological difference between college and professional football. In college football the conscientious player calls it a good day if he's satisfied with his own showing for his school. In professional football it's a good day when you satisfy the customers.

One other psychological change I observed in transition from amateur to professional athlete, a selfish change

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Grange, the galloping ghost, who failed to distinguish himself in the professional game

Keystone-Underwood

"I like the pro game best. We play surer football because we know more." In this article Benny Friedman, once star quarterback for the University of Michigan and star player on three professional teams, shows you what professional football is like and tells you why he prefers it to the college brand

Touch

By Benny Friedman

which typifies the only inferiority I'm able to discern in professional as compared with college football. You develop a definite business sense of your value to your team which tends to make you interpret emulation of other players in terms of cash reward. This isn't so good, but wherever there's a pay roll it's inevitable that those on it will measure merit by money.

From beginning to end of my college football career, the unavoidable jealousies and envies of players were motivated by a desire to excel for the school, with, of course, an assumption of personal glory. Physical fitness and a desire to develop skilled technique as an athlete play their parts in college ambition, but secondary parts.

College coaches too often exploit touted stars at the expense of hard-working team-mates who support a star and make his shining possible. The accent of college football is all on glory—in pro football it's a case of coöperation all along the line, which is why unknown players often outshine college stars on the pro gridiron. The star has been too accustomed to having everybody work for him. When he turns pro he discovers that he must work for everybody else if he's going to get anywhere.

Personally, I never had an exaggerated idea of my importance to Michigan.

After that smashing defeat by Illinois in 1924, George Little, our coach, rewarded my modest part in the last five minutes of the game by starting me in Michigan's line-up against Wisconsin the following Saturday. To make amends for the clean-up score of 39 to 14 that Illinois had registered against us, every man on the Michigan team went into that battle seeing red. We came out victorious, 21-0, shutting out a strong Badger outfit. I was a bit chesty about my part in the game—two touchdowns and some successful passing. When it was all over and I hobbled to the dressing-room for shower, rubdown and taping I was so utterly exhausted that I couldn't even undress myself. Yet my mind was alert enough for any praise that was going around—and there was plenty of it from team-mates.

George Little, our coach, came into the room. His heavy, strong face betrayed no emotion. To look at him, without knowing the result of the game, you wouldn't have been able to tell whether his team had won or lost.

An Antidote for Conceit

He came to where I sat. The trainer was pulling off my muddy pants. I don't know precisely what I expected Coach Little to say, but it was something far different from what he did say.

"Remember, Friedman," was his sole comment, "today's just one game. Next Saturday's a bigger and a tougher game, so forget about it."

Deflating, and, as I thought at the time, a little miserly from a man who might have bestowed his blessing if not his praise upon a player who had given everything he had and made good. But Little's cynical crack had a salutary effect. It made me determine from that moment never to look for plaudits and certainly never to invite praise.

I've always had the suspicion that Coach Little never really liked me. It took him some time to put me in the spot where I seemed to fit naturally—at quarterback. When I first tried hard to make the team, Little put me and another player, Henry Ferenz, on a spot that made for either distinction or extinction. We were human dummies for the varsity scrimmagers to practice on. For five days running we stood, or rather crouched, and took all the punishment linesmen could give us. It wasn't encouraging for the first day or two. But we stuck it out; learned, through sheer necessity of self-preservation, how to box a tackle. By this fifth day Henry and I were able to knock over everybody who opposed us. That got both of us on the varsity team.

This isn't a brag—but if every lad striving for collegiate football honors had to go through the grind that fell to my lot, he'd gain invaluable experience and lose the self-conceit that ruins amateurs as well as professionals.

There were times when I thought the grade was made harder for me on account of racial prejudice. I soon found out that was the bunk. The fact that I was a Jew didn't preclude social recognition for me on the campus. Indeed, I was invited so often to frat functions that I came to suspect that it was because I happened to be rated the best quarterback on the squad.

One night I put my doubts to the test. Attending an exclusive frat dance without a female companion, I looked around and selected one of the very prettiest girls there. She had an escort; she could have had a hundred. I tapped her escort on the shoulder and asked for a dance. So brash a cut-in would have brought the squelch to the most celebrated athlete if he hadn't been accepted socially. The young man and his partner were most gracious. I got the dance and had a swell evening.

It was on this account and because of my general experience of an utter lack of racial or religious prejudice that when an influential man telephoned me one day to complain that a young relative of his was up against race prejudice I was able quickly to dispel his fears.

His cousin had emerged as a sensational quarterback in his sophomore year, only to lose ground and fame the following year.

"I wonder," this man asked, "if they're making it harder for him because he's a Jew?"

I took time out to take this gentleman to a football game in which his young relative played. He was a good quarterback, no mistake about that. He barked signals snappily, passed well back and across the line, and knew how to study the opposing defense tactics and switch his own offensive strategy. But he made one mistake, and that queered him. He wanted the limelight that goes with scoring. He wanted to make all the touchdowns.

In all my experience I've found a man's own personality is more important athletically or socially than the accident of race or religion.

A quarterback gets enough glory when piloting a good team, and certainly enough chance to win the eyes of the grandstands by driving his team. As a matter of principle, to save his own energies, and as a matter of policy, to give his team-mates a break, he should use other men, preferably his speediest, for ball-carrying. This quarterback didn't. The team resented it, and while they played orthodox football and did their best to interfere for him when he carried the ball, there was no enthusiasm for him in that rôle. He didn't succeed conspicuously at it because there were much better ball carriers on the team. This he found out when he was advised, before it was too late, to change his tactics, and he regained his reputation of being a first-class quarterback.

The Limelight Habit

I always made it a rule never to carry the ball beyond our own twenty-yard line, unless, of course, I happened to intercept an enemy pass. Nothing undermines the morale of any team so much as having the ball carrier glorified at the expense of those who take the bumps and collisions to make successful carrying possible. Professional football learned about this weakness long before the colleges did. Cameras click and typewriters pound when the sensational ground-gainer does his stuff. He's the publicity hero, and few coaches resist the temptation to keep him in the limelight once he's found it.

This doesn't help team morale. The team that stacks up well with overpublicized stars would be much better if glory were more evenly distributed. When we had a very good team at Michigan we also had one player fortunate enough to make sensational runs in big games. He liked his first taste of the limelight so much that he made it a habit. This habit grew to earn him dislike. He became a specialty man, which all honest team-players suspect. He starred at carrying because team-mates made it possible for him to do so, and he played his specialty to the neglect of his fundamental job of blocking for the other boys.

Bruce Gregory brought him to earth at an important game when, in a huddle before lining up, Bruce declared:

(Continued on page 46)

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What every President should Know

By Clinton W. Gilbert

THIS country will face a deficit in the coming fiscal year of something between three quarters of a billion and a billion dollars. There will have to be a new tax levy to raise that amount of money on top of last winter's tax law, estimated to raise about one billion dollars.

The balancing of the budget in the last session was largely on paper. In estimating the deficit there were included among receipts of the government about $270,000,000 payments by the Allied nations on the war debt—which everybody knows will not be made. And so as not to give Congress an impossible job of taxation at the last session, Secretary of the Treasury Mills estimated that the revenues would increase in the fiscal year 1933 over the revenues of the fiscal year 1932 by more than twenty-five per cent.

The fiscal year 1933 began on July 1st last. At least in the early part of the fiscal year 1933 the twenty-five per cent increase in revenues was not realized. The present indication is that revenues from taxation, at least in the earlier part of the present fiscal year, will be less than they were in the same part of the past fiscal year. So a new deficit and the imposition of additional taxes will be inevitable.

They will be, unless the President's plan to cut a half-billion dollars from the government's $4,000,000,000 or more of expenditures bears unusual fruit. Economy has got to come from Executive pressure. Nobody has ever made that clearer than did Charles G. Dawes after his first year's experience as director of the budget. In his book, The First Year of the Budget of the United States, Mr. Dawes says:

"In government business as in private business constant executive attention under plan and policy finds itself reflected in efficiency and economy; while executive indifference, existing in our government in the past, translates itself into extravagance."

And again, speaking of economy, Mr. Dawes says: "Nothing should be allowed to withdraw the attention of the public from the duty and powers of the President." And, later: "The administrative vice president in an ordinary corporation becomes a conduit of pressure downward upon the business organization in the interest of a unified executive plan and policy. Unfortunately, however, our governmental cabinets have always been a conduit for the transmission of pressure from the body of the business organization upward upon the President for complete department independence."

And for expanding functions and increased expenditures. That comparison tells a large part of the story of why Federal expenditures have grown from $725,000,000 in 1913 to over $4,000,000,000 in 1933. Free from pressure by the Executive, every bureau chief expands his functions and adds to the costs of government. Then in times like these the Executive turns to the bureau chiefs and asks them how to cut expenses, and the bureau chiefs reply that expenses cannot be cut without impairing the usefulness of the government.

Why Tax Dollars Have Wings

A President who would dramatize the business of cutting expenses could cut at least half a billion dollars out of the cost of government. He might make the laying of additional taxes at the next session unnecessary. He could cut most of that half a billion out of the Veterans Administration alone.

If it were plain that the United States was in for a period of tightness and low income, the Executive would have to cut at least half a billion out of the government expenditures. And he would do it. He would have to struggle with Congress, but he could carry the people with him on the issue of economy.

In spite of all the talk of economy at the last session of Congress the problem of reducing expenditures has not been approached seriously. In all that was done the animating idea was that the deficit was a temporary thing that would certainly be cured by an improvement in business that would make the painful task of really reducing expenses unnecessary.

Nothing better illustrates this state of mind than President Hoover's remark in his annual message of last December on the scandalous cost of the Veterans Administration, which amounts to one fourth of the government expenditures: "Our present expenditure upon these services now exceeds $1,000,000,000 per annum. *I am opposed to any extension of these expenditures until the country has recovered from the present situation.*"

The implication is that the President has no objection to spending more than $1,000,000,000 on the veterans as soon as the taxes produce a larger income. That is the state of mind that prevails in Washington.

What has been done with regard to economy is as follows: In the fiscal year 1931 there was a deficit of about one billion dollars and nothing was done to increase revenues by taxation or to reduce expenditures. As we entered the fiscal year 1932 it was plain that for that period there would be a deficit of over two billion dollars. The Treasury Department saw that additional taxes were inevitable. Then the neglected subject of economy came up.

The President held several week-end conferences at the Rapidan. Cabinet officers and bureau clerks, from whose habitual thoughts economy was the farthest topic in the world, hastily suggested certain savings. In his message to Congress in December, President Hoover estimated these at $365,000,000. But he arrived at this figure by comparing estimates for 1933 with the actual expenditures for 1932. Until the actual expenditures for 1933 are known there will be no way of determining what the real savings are. Actual expenditures almost always exceed estimates. There are generally deficiency appropriations. The deficiency appropriations at the last session of Congress were nearly $150,000,000.

The Job Nobody Wants

Economy was disposed of at these conferences until Congress assembled and Speaker Garner insisted that there should be a cut of $250,000,000. Then developed friction between Congress and the President over further cuts, which ended in a compromise by which the Hoover plan of reducing the government wage bill by furloughing employees without pay was adopted. It is impossible until actual expenditures are known next July to tell what the savings amount to. A good many of them are not savings at all but mere postponements of expenditures.

Exerting constant Executive pressure to keep down expenditures is dull business. And Presidents don't like it. Most of them have no qualifications for the task. They have come up to the White House through the avenues of politics, where increasing expenditures are tolerated, even favored. The country can afford them. It always grows richer and richer. Mr. Hoover is not by temperament inclined to exert pressure against the spending of money. He was in his earlier life a promoter. His mind turns eagerly to the bigger things that lie ahead.

Nevertheless, Mr. Hoover recently demanded economies of from $500,000,000 to $800,000,000.

But you can't get economies out of Congress. Expenses can be cut down and kept down by Executive pressure only.

Congress and the White House have at last realized the need for drastic economy in government expenditures

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Acme

She goes out on the job—Jean O'Haver Shassere, one of the most extraordinarily gifted women in modern business

She Got the Order

By W. B. Courtney

She sells steel. In fact, she is one of the best steel salesmen in the world. But there's nothing mannish about Mrs. Jean O'Haver Shassere. She has combined the business of raising a family and the job of outguessing men at their own game without sacrificing any of her abundant charm. Here's her story

DOWN on the South Side of Chicago, one Saturday night in June, a last-minute crowd pulsed through a neighborhood five-and-ten-cent store. At the women's hosiery counter a very young, very pert girl was showing stockings to a stolid, middle-aged woman, and making scanty inroads upon her uncertainty. It was not alone indifference on the girl clerk's part which spoiled the prospect of a sale; she was inept, she seemed at a loss what to do or say next whenever the customer asked a question.

Two other shoppers stopped to examine the stockings. Both were well-dressed. One of the newcomers was as brightly composed as a robin investigating freshly mown turf. Her roving attentiveness fastened upon the clerk and the indecisive woman near by; instantly she was absorbed in a study of that individual drama in the teeming store.

There wasn't going to be much for her to study, apparently; the woman soon moved off, undeterred by the half-hearted attempts of the salesgirl. Whereupon the bright-eyed observer, who had been growing more and more like a race horse at the barrier, burst forward and took the stockings which the discouraged girl had flung back upon the counter.

"Pardon me, just a moment, please," she called after the retreating customer, "are you sure you have had a good look at these stockings? Here, let me show you something." The woman paused; the volunteer sales clerk ran a fastidiously manicured hand into the leg of the ten-cent stocking, and held it up to the light. "See the value there, madam. Sheer as silk, but with the wearing quality and cheapness of cotton. Feel that material." The woman felt it obediently. The regular salesgirl looked on agape. The companion of the bright-eyed volunteer was undecided whether to be amazed or amused. But the seller was lost in her job; and the customer was lost before the onslaught of artful eloquence. In less time than you could spell wrap-'em-up she was marching off with not one but a dozen pairs of stockings under her arm, and a smug if somewhat bewildered smile on her face, proclaiming her belief that she had got the best of something or somebody.

The regular salesgirl shrugged her shoulders as she rang up the sale: "Lady, you're a whiz."

The lady was a little flushed, a little embarrassed, and more than a little apologetic as she walked off with her friend. "Forgive me," she said, "I wasn't trying to show off, but there is something in me that hates to see a possible sale fall through. I just forget myself. Besides, that was a natural sale. Those stockings were that woman's kind of stockings; a bargain, for her, at that price. There's a pair of stockings, a hat, a coat, a house, a piano, a picture for every single person in the world. If you can't *see* when you've brought the right article and the right person for that article together, you're no salesman, although you may be a sales clerk. It's an important distinction. A sales clerk hands you things to look at, if you ask him to, and makes change for you after you have sold something to yourself. A salesman or saleswoman proves to you that you have come to journey's end in your shopping."

That salesgirl didn't know it then, maybe she doesn't know it now, and perhaps she would not care if she did know it—but I am not going to keep you in the dark. The volunteer saleswoman in the five-and-ten was Jean O'Haver Shassere. If that doesn't mean anything to you right off, ask some of your friends who are in the steel business. Ask one of the professors in the school of technology nearest to your home. Ask an officer of your local woman's club. Ask, in fact, anyone who keeps up with the world perhaps better than you do and you will quickly learn that Mrs. Shassere is the only saleswoman of steel in the world.

And not only that, she is the best seller of steel—in open competition, all sexes—in the world. Reinforcing steel, anyhow.

How This Thing Started

One day not so long ago she sold the biggest single order for reinforcing steel mesh ever sold for one building; and just to prove that was no flash in the pan she came walking into the office next day with the order for the reinforcing steel and mesh for the Chicago Board of Trade Building—no small order, either. And that isn't all there is; there's a lot more.

Steel—the hardest known everyday material—is the last thing in the world you'd be reminded of when first your delighted eyes fall upon this woman's woman in all her feminine curves and frills and quick poutings. She is, certainly, not a compound of iron and carbon, but made, you have no doubt, exactly like the delectable little girl in the rhyme, of "sugar and spice and everything nice." Furthermore, when you see the great Merchandise Mart in Chicago, the world's largest building, there's absolutely no reason why you should be reminded of a rural telephone exchange back home in Indiana, or a mousy desk in the rear of a general store in a country town. And yet, because Jean O'Haver Shassere is one of the most extraordinarily gifted women in the modern history of business, she has drawn all these extremes, these seemingly irreconcilable opposites, within the outline of a single career.

Jean O'Haver was born in Sullivan, Indiana, forty-seven years ago. Henry Shassere, who owned a store in Farmersburg, where Jean had moved with her parents while a small child, certainly thought she was the prettiest girl in the whole country and he told her so with such insistence and such ardor that her head and her heart turned permanently in his direction when she was but nineteen.

Three years later she was a widow with two children and a store on her hands. She could sell the store and did; the children were a less mobile responsibility. She tied their bonnets, harnessed the family horse and drove home to her parents. A high-school diploma, a desultory musical education, a fine voice that got her into any choir, and a talent for poetry that got her into the prize lists in school and into the country newspapers afterward, comprised her background.

She did not delude herself that any one of these, or their sum total, was sufficient to provide zwieback and

(Continued on page 41)

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He turned his back to shield his actions. François had not seen him. Neither had Harrat

Buck Fever

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Henry Meade Williams

Illustrated by C. D. Williams

THE two hunters and their guide had reached the clearing on Tunker's Hill now, and were getting closer and closer to Black Brook. When they were within two hundred yards of the dense growth of spruce across the creek, Paul Nast, a few feet in the lead, suddenly stopped and signaled the others to drop. He knew Harrat, just behind him, had stopped in his tracks; François, the guide, stood motionless beside him. Paul kept his eyes on the thicket across the brook.

He knew Joe Corey was going to work the deer paths around Black Brook, and would pass through that thicket soon. Harrat and François did not know it. Paul made certain of that. He made it doubly sure by telling them that Corey was going to hunt the swamp country ten miles west of Black Brook.

He rested his gun at his side, and noticed that a twig vibrated under his foot. He shifted his position and tried to control his breathing.

As a beating rhythm in his ears, he heard the words Corey had used last night—words that had sent hate and fear like poison through his body. For two days now, ever since the three of them—Harrat, Corey and himself—had come up to the lodge on their annual hunting trip, Corey had been acting strangely suspicious of Paul, watching him with puzzled, attentive eyes.

With growing terror, Paul felt that Corey had found out something. Joe Corey, who plodded along stolidly at the bank, minding his own business, who had known Paul for four years as a fellow employee—how much did Corey know?

The answer had come to Paul like a flash last night. All evening Corey had tried to speak to him, and when finally they were alone in the big shadowy room of the lodge he had said, "Better watch your step, Paul!"

That was all, but it was enough. That meant that Corey knew. It meant that all the years of clever planning, of absolute deception, were going for nothing. It meant the end—until this thought struck him: if the bank officials suspected, there would have been no vacation. Corey was the only person in the world who knew.

AND now, as Paul strained his eyes for the slightest movement across the brook, he carefully lifted the bolt of his gun. When two hunted together at that lodge, they used the turn-and-turn method—one shot, miss or kill, gave the next shot to the other. Harrat, the best marksman of the three, had killed his deer yesterday. That gave Paul the first shot today.

Paul withdrew the cartridge from the chamber. He felt François watching him. He turned his back to shield his actions. Before he pushed home the bolt, he again made sure that the chamber was empty, that there was nothing there to be fired. François had not seen him. Neither had Harrat.

When Harrat grew restless and suggested moving, Paul said quickly, "No, no!" He licked his lips, which were dry.

Why couldn't he keep his hands still? Trembling like an aspen leaf! He had been in the deer country too often to show such excitement. Even now he felt François still watching him. Damn the man! He should send him back to camp on some pretext. But he couldn't do that. Of course he couldn't do that! Good Lord! François had to be there as a witness. Fool! Steady now, steady.

Vividly he remembered seeing Corey leave camp before the others were up, his tall active figure swinging into the mist of early morning. But one thing he noticed carefully—Corey's coat was dangerously tan. Harrat, the day before, had spoken of it, but Corey only laughed. "No one around here takes pot shots," he had said.

Well, Corey's best friend, Harrat, was going to take a pot shot. It was going to be his responsibility, not Paul's. Let Harrat explain the accident.

Then Paul saw a branch quiver in the thicket at the other side of the brook. He stiffened. Through the leaves he saw a form moving. It stopped. Harrat must see it before it moved into the open!

He whispered the direction to Harrat. Harrat nodded. He, too, saw something. François, from another angle, had not located it. Good; his trained eyes might see too keenly.

PAUL raised his gun. He aimed quickly—he didn't need to be careful. He couldn't be careful now. His hands were sweaty. He pulled the trigger. There was a click as the firing pin snapped on the empty chamber.

"Hell," Paul whispered. "Quick, Harrat, take him. My gun jammed. It's your kill." And he turned to make sure François saw.

Harrat aimed steadily at the strip of tan through the leaves. His finger squeezed the trigger tighter and tighter. The gun barked. The branches across the brook shook violently; a body fell through the brush. Then all was still.

"You got him, Harrat!" Paul cried. He turned to François. "He got him. Killed him outright!" François nodded. François had seen Harrat fire. But why did his hands tremble so—his knees shake and give like this? "He got him, François, didn't he? I couldn't shoot, could I? My gun balked, didn't it?"

Harrat laughed modestly. Then he looked at Paul. "Say!" he exclaimed, "what's the matter with you? Look at him, François, he's shaking like the St. Vitus' dance!"

Paul's teeth were chattering. His whole body beat with his heart. That François, what did he know? Why did he look at him that way? And Harrat, too? He had to get a grip on himself.

François said, "We go see our kill."

Something went twang in Paul's mind. He plunged down the hill toward Black Brook. Behind him he heard the others following closely.

He crossed the stream in one bound, and was making for the thicket when a tall figure in a tan coat swung up the path toward him.

Paul swayed. He felt his knees bend.

Harrat had reached the edge of the stream. He said, "Buck fever, I guess."

FRANÇOIS ran past them, and when he reached the thicket called out, "Hey, Mr. Harrat, you got one grand beast—must have eight points."

Corey stepped up to Paul.

Paul felt the earth flow under him like quicksilver. As he slid to the ground, he heard Corey say, "Here, boys, give us a hand. He's all in." Then, with concern, "He's been working too hard. Staying late at the bank every evening. I told him only last night to watch his step."

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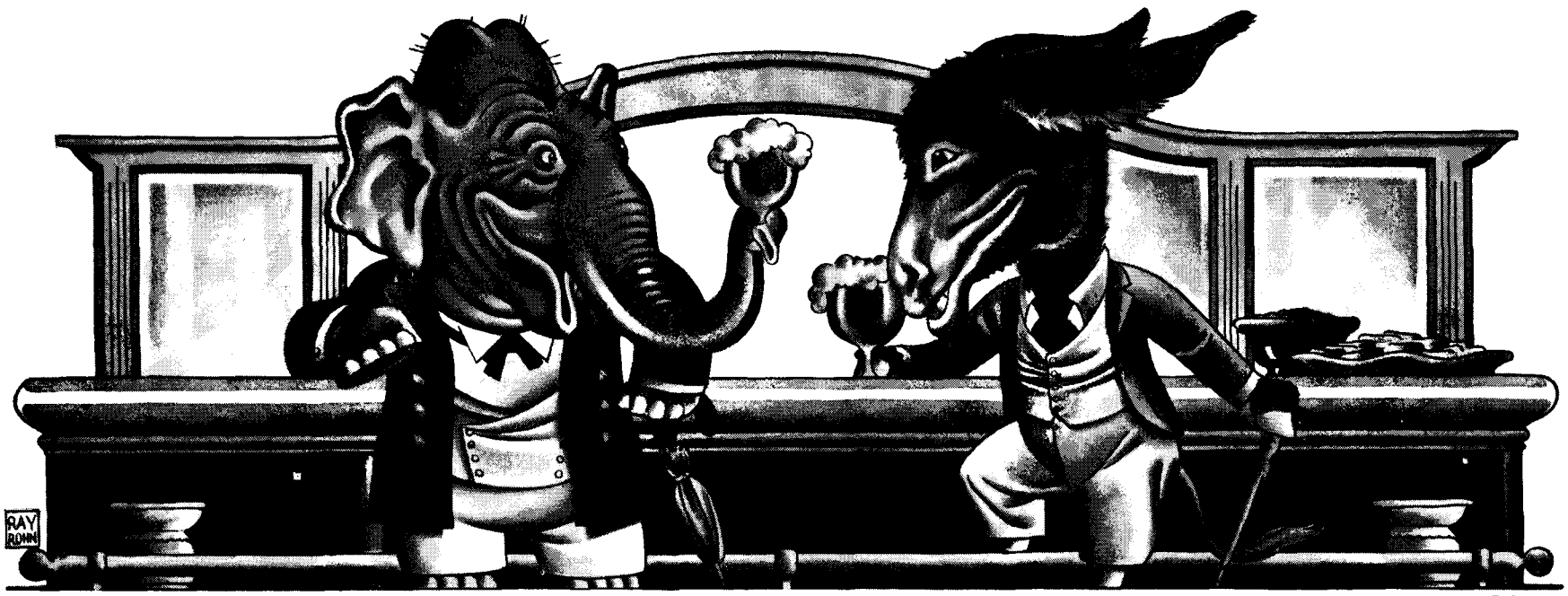

"What are your real sentiments with regard to liquor?" *Illustrated by Ray Rohn*

Be Your Age

By Don Marquis

TENS of thousands of foreign-born citizens have been returning to Europe; showing once more that it is a mistake to go broke. It loses us so many pals who thought we were good fellows while we had it.

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Archy, the Free Verse Cockroach, and Mehitabel the Cat, are on their way back from Hollywood, hitch-hiking. Mehitabel was forcibly ejected at least twice from every moving-picture studio in Hollywood, and nourishes animosity against the art of the cinema. Archy reports that when they left Hollywood Mehitabel and seven platinum-blonde kittens, who were attempting to follow her across the desert . . . but here is the latest bulletin from Archy:

mehitabels third kitten succumbed
to a scorpion today
poor little thing she said
i suppose the next one will perish
in a sandstorm and the next one
fall into the colorado river
it breaks my heart i am all
maternal instinct next to my art
as a modern dancer mother love is
the strongest thing in me
it is so strong that sometimes life
seems to me
to be just one damned kitten
after another
but of course if i get back to broadway
without any kittens i will have more
freedom for my art
and can live my own life again
then she began to practice
dance steps among the cactus
casting fond eyes at a coyote
boss i am afraid
that mehitabels morals are no better
than before she struck hollywood
after all she remarked kittens
are but passing episodes in the life
of a great artist i may have been
given the bums rush from six auto
camps
in three days but hells bells
i am still a lady

the loss of that kitten is a terrible grief
but an aristocrat and an artist
must bear up toujours gai
is my motto toujours gai

there's life in the old dame yet
and with that she cut a caper with
the heat at one hundred and forty
degrees fahrenheit.

MR. ROOSEVELT leaves me a trifle cool, and Mr. Hoover leaves me not only cool but a bit clammy. I wish there were some way of voting for Charlie Curtis for Vice President without voting for anyone else. I don't feel that I can give him up. He should be permanently Vice President. There is a touch of imperial dignity, of regal expansiveness, about Mr. Curtis. I saw him appear one time at the first night of a Hollywood super-film, a prodigious, epoch-making, goal-knocking film which was advertised to make the events of the first chapter of Genesis look like small-time stuff in comparison. Mr. Curtis was preceded by words of wisdom, over an amplifier, which reminded me of Marcus Aurelius and Daniel Webster and a press agent.

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All Hollywood burst into applause at his entrance; and all Hollywood (for once) was right. Here was a man clad in an aura of greatness which made itself felt; I had never been so thrilled since the time, many years before, when I first saw Alexander Woollcott enter the dining-room of the Algonquin Hotel. Mrs. Dolly Gann was with him—not with Mr. Woollcott on that earlier occasion, but with Mr. Curtis. I do not hold with the school which insinuate that Mr. Curtis' glory is reflected from Mrs. Gann. Mrs. Gann impresses me as solid, capable, trustworthy, but not great; a sort of lady Mr. Hoover, if you please. I should not mind seeing her President for a term or two. But Mr. Curtis should be Vice President forever; the dull, laborious duties of the Presidency might cramp his style; he should always be on exhibit as representing the subtle super-intellect of a great people, always entering moving-picture palaces where super-films are about to be exhibited. Little Jackie Cooper entered right after Mr. Curtis, and I did not get half the kick out of Jackie; Curtis seemed, somehow, more mature than Jackie. I have forgotten what the super-film itself was about; I had done a few weeks' work on it, too—but it is that way with so many, many moving pictures on which one does a few weeks' work!

The elephant and the donkey
Met up with each other in a speakeasy,
After business hours the other day.
"Well," said the donkey to the elephant,
"I do not see how you can help
Winning again, this year.
With Curtis furnishing the water
And Hoover furnishing the bread lines,
The public is assured of nourishment."
"Come, come," said the elephant,
"We are now off duty; let us not be cross."
"What are your real sentiments
With regard to liquor?" the donkey asked.
"My real sentiments," said the elephant,
"Take the form of three fingers of Scotch
Mingled with a little carbonated water.
What are yours, my ancient enemy?"
"Bourbon," said the donkey, "always
Bourbon."
"And what," asked the elephant,
"Are your real opinions upon bonuses,
And farm relief and foreign debts?"
"Opinions!" cried the donkey,
"What do you mean—opinions? Be your
age.
I do not have opinions on all that stuff,
Any more than you do.
Stuff like that either gets votes,
Or else it does not get votes.
And, between you and me,
In our franker moods,
What more need be said? Opinions
Are for boobs and amateurs
And reformers, but
I hope that you and I
Are too professional
To take up with opinions.
If this country ever gets to the place
Where opinions cut any ice,
We will be out of jobs."
"You said it," returned the elephant.
"Now we better go out into the street,
And you kick me in the ribs,
And I will wham you with my trunk, and
We will put on a scrap
For the benefit of the paying customers.
After all, we owe it to them
To give a show."
"Yes," replied the donkey.
"There should be honor,
Even among wrestlers."

"I NEVER expected I would turn prohibitionist in my elements and feelin's," remarked the Old Soak, as he parked himself on a corner of my desk and reached for my pipe tobacco.

"Have you?" I rejoined. "And why?"

"I got fond of the speakeasy," sighed the veteran of many bottles. "A dozen years ago, if you'd told me that anything could ever take the place of the old-fashioned barroom in my affections, I would of cursed you, personal and Biblical. I broke down and cried when they shut up the corner barroom. And I'm gonna break down and cry again when the speakeasy goes, and we got to take to drinkin' our liquor mild and peaceful and legal once more.

"The speakeasy has insinuated itself around the cockles of my heart like a trained nurse winnin' the approbation of an invalid millionaire.

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"Legal drinkin' is gonna take a good deal of the romance and adventure out of life for me. Every time I took a drink of beer or hard stuff the last ten years I got a kick out of thinkin' somethin' had went Bang! Bang! Bang! and three more redskins had bit the dust for every case I opened—bootleggers, or hijackers, or revenooers, or some kind of gun-totin' racketeers.

"The stories and plays and movies all proved to me that there was as many guns as corks poppin' all over the country. Every time I throwed my lip over a hooker of hootch I knowed I was particpatin' in a great big worth-while criminal movement that was sweepin' the country into reform, or into Hades, or somewheres—anyhow, it was spectacular, and dramatic, and gigantic, and all them things that make life interestin'.

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"But it ain't gonna be so long before I can go and get a glass of beer as safe and commonplace as I can a cup of coffee. I gotta give up bein' a criminal with a price onto my head. You mark my words, there's gonna be as much cryin' into the beer when the speakeasy goes as when the barroom went. A lot of us has got used to regardin' ourselves as romantic criminals when we take an innocent little drink, and we won't like havin' that took from us. Yes, sir, prohibition brought crime and romance into my life, and I'm gonna hate givin' it up. And if anyone wants to know any more of my sentiments, let 'em write and ask me."

The Old Soak, before he departed, intimated that he was ready to answer questions not only with regard to liquor, but any other subject in the universe.

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Pardon Me, Lady

By Alan LeMay

Bernice Scott's dad owned two million head of cattle. Hugh Kerry was just a cowboy. If you think you know the rest, guess again!

ALL up and down the West, I don't suppose I ever saw the beat of Charley Brumbaugh. I have worked stock from Oregon to Arizona, and south of the line into Sonora—all through that high desert country between the Rockies and the Coast Ranges, where the range cattle have gone to, now that they have disappeared from Montana and the Great Plains. And I have seen some very queer characters on horseback. But it still seems to me that Charley Brumbaugh overtops them all.

He was six foot three, and he had one of those kind of overflowing figures, shaped like a Bartlett pear; and we used to say that Charley and the little scrub pony he rode weighed exactly the same to the pound. On top of all this he had a kind of funny, round, square face with curly straw-colored hair, a little snub nose, and a mouth that was plenty ample for him to stick his foot in it. Though, now that I think of it, I suppose Charley hardly ever caught sight of his feet.

But the really grand, magnificent thing about Charley Brumbaugh was his opinion of himself. To hear Charley tell it, he was not only just one huge mass of muscle, and the best horseman in the West, but also the most courageous man he had ever seen, and the most intelligent. He was the boy who could tell you how to break the horse, or shoot the wolf, or make love to the girl. I never yet heard anybody ask Charley for his opinion; and I never yet knew Charley to hold it back.

And once, just once, there was a boy that really took Charley's advice—just deliberately went out and tried to do what Charley suggested. And of all the peculiar things that always seemed to follow Charley Brumbaugh around waiting for a time to happen, this case was the one that really got me down.

THIS young cowboy, Hugh Kerry, was maybe the last one you'd ever expect to see take any advice from anybody, let alone Charley Brumbaugh. Hugh was still short of twenty years old, and about six foot high, very lean and wiry. The minute you looked him in the eye, which was a blue color, you knew that he was made all in one piece of very good sound stuff. Excessive youngness was really his worst fault, and many of us figured that this would probably be overcome by time.

This youngness often caused Hugh to play a little ahead of himself. He could ride a bronc right along with any working cowboy, so, of course, he would go to work and get on some contest bucker that had thrown everybody, and he would get bucked down, and blame himself. And that applied to most things he did.

Hugh Kerry had been in a run of this kind of hard luck as we drove our Half Circle D steers up to the loading chutes at Whinrock. What corrals there was for holding stock was already filled up with S Bar Bar cattle from over in the Standing Horse country, so we bedded down alongside the railroad, and the big end of us went on into town.

Hugh Kerry and I went rolling down Whinrock's one little main street, with much loud ringing of spurs, which we had kept on for this purpose, and feeling very much ourselves, as cow hands are liable to do when finally they get to town. And we hadn't gone very far when Hugh Kerry ran into the little circumstance that doubled him all up.

There were a couple of girls standing on the walk in front of the little hotel, talking; and one of them was just about the prettiest girl I had ever set eyes on up to now.

IT WASN'T so much anything in particular, like the color of her eyes and hair, for I'm not real sure I remember such; although right now I can see her standing there just as plain as life. Sometimes I hope I will always be able to see her clear in my mind as she stood there then; and sometimes I hope I will plumb forget.

The sun was going down behind the Capitan range, and flooding all the desert with a light the color of pure, free gold in the pan; and the world seemed kind of still, resting a moment in all that red-gold light that in a minute would be gone. And something about this girl made it seem like she was the center of all this desert country and all this dimming-out golden light; so that it seemed like she was the one thing we had been looking for all the long time, when we didn't know just what we was after.

I can't explain it any better than that. But, anyway, I was able to understand it, now that Hugh Kerry was really thrown, two loops and a whop, at first sight of this girl.

"We've got to hunt up a drink," I told him.

"I don't know as I want a drink," Hugh said, for maybe the first time in his life.

"You sick?"

HUGH mumbled and cussed and tried to pass it off; and finally allowed that the average cow hand didn't live right, *in his opinion*. "Who do you reckon she is?" he wanted to know. "I'd give a month's pay to know that one thing."

"Fine," said I. "You be writing out an I O U, while I go up and ask her."

But, do you know, he wouldn't let me go within a hundred feet of her, let alone ask her a civil question? So, instead, I asked another feller that was standing around looking like an infester of this Whinrock dump.

"Who is that girl just went in the hotel with that other girl?"

"Don't you know who that is? Why, that's Bernice Scott!"

I turned sad, feeling sorry for Hugh. "You're sure?"

"Do I look dumb?"

"I refuse to answer," I said, "for fear of starting a public disturbance." And I went back to Hugh.

"We'll now continue our interrupted pursuit of a drink," I told him. "That girl is not for the likes of me, let alone the likes of you. That is no more nor less than the daughter of the Interstate Land & Cattle Company. Her pa owns two million cows."

The wind went out of Hugh Kerry. "I don't believe," he said at last, very humble, "I don't believe I could make much headway with the daughter of the Interstate."

"That," said I, "is a masterpiece of

Everybody stopped work and stood staring as Ike Stone spun

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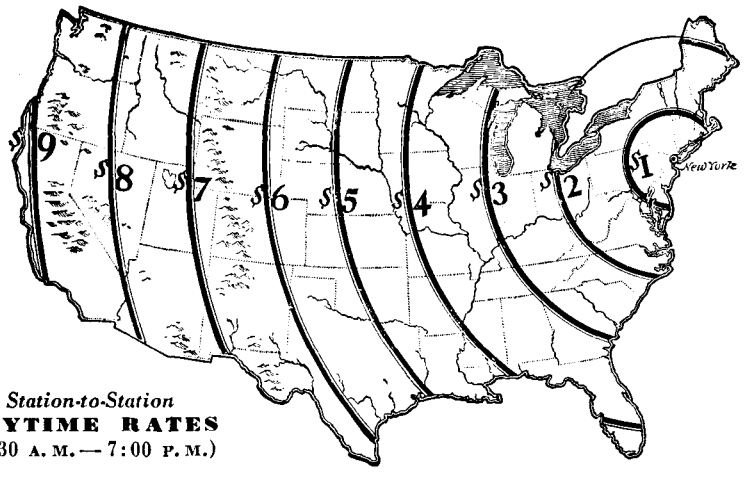
TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THESE

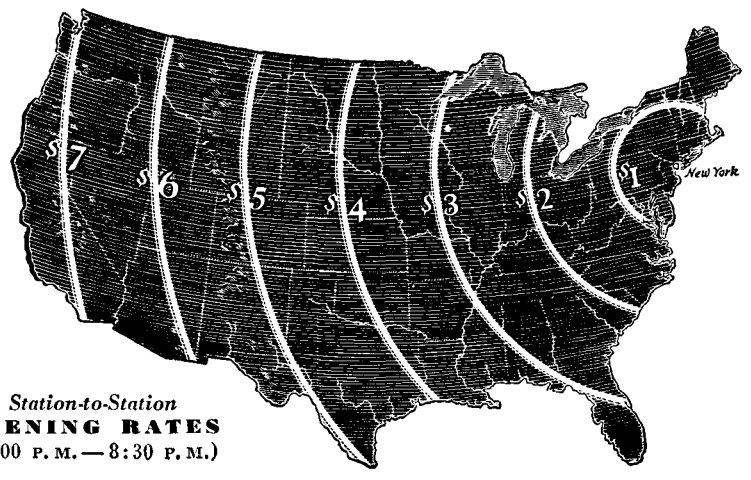
REAL VALUES

IN LONG DISTANCE SERVICE

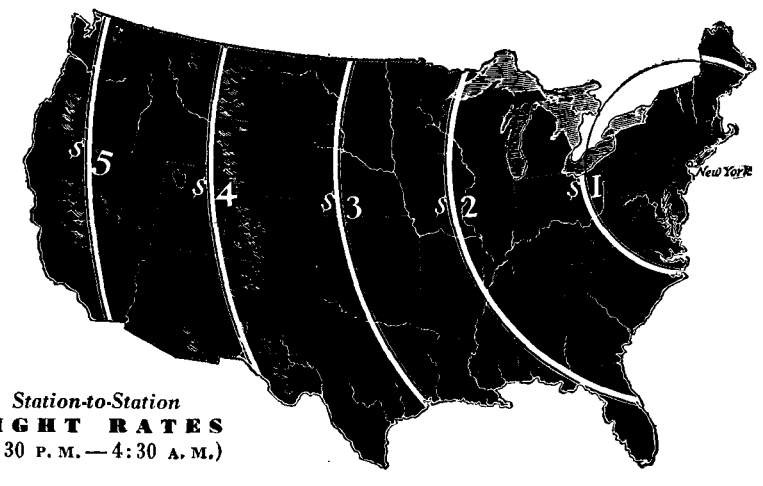
STATION-TO-STATION CALLS COST ABOUT



Station-to-Station
DAYTIME RATES
(4:30 A. M.—7:00 P. M.)



Station-to-Station
EVENING RATES
(7:00 P. M.—8:30 P. M.)



Station-to-Station
NIGHT RATES
(8:30 P. M.—4:30 A. M.)

15% less after 7:00 p. m.

40% less after 8:30 p. m.

LONG DISTANCE telephone rates are low, the day through. But twice each day the rates for station-to-station calls—those on which you will talk with any one who answers—are exceptionally low. Beginning at 7 o'clock in the evening, rates are reduced about 15 per cent, varying between 10 and 20 per cent, on nearly all station-to-station calls where the day rate is more than 35c. At 8:30 the rates drop approximately 40 per cent under daytime cost. These unusual values last until 4:30 in the morning.

For social and personal long distance calls, these evening and night rates are always popular.

And now business men are finding evening and night telephone calls a most economical way of transacting out-of-town business after hours. Branch managers, for instance, hold helpful, inexpensive discussions with executives at their homes. Salesmen report to their chiefs; or make appointments with customers for the next day. Officials in different cities confer as easily as though in the same city block.

Today, business men are turning to Long Distance for economy. It gets results—at a saving of time and money. Long Distance rates have been reduced four times in the past few years. Consult your local telephone directory to see how low they really are. Or ask the operator for the rate to any city.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES — BELL SYSTEM

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The Frightened Lady

Continued from page 30

"I'm so glad," she said again. "I couldn't marry him, I couldn't! I don't love him. I'm very sorry for him. . . ."

"I'm very sorry for him, too," he said, "if you don't love him. But I'm pretty glad you don't."

He lifted her face to his, and at that moment she became aware that she was in a strange room.

"Gilder's?" she said when he told her, and to his surprise seemed relieved. "And why are you glad?"

"That you don't love him? Well, there are many reasons. It's a little unnecessary to tell you the principal one, isn't it?"

Her head was back on his shoulder. He felt her nod.

"Six hundred a year isn't much, is it?"

She was normal now; her trembling had ceased.

"It's a tremendous amount of money," she said, and lifted her lips to his.

He left the key with her, waited outside the door until she had locked it, and was still waiting when he heard Totty's shout.

Totty had gone down with news.

"I saw Lebanon outside his mother's room, talking to her. He told me she refused to see him."

"She wouldn't open the door to him, eh? Well, I didn't expect she would. Lady Lebanon has a very excellent reason for wanting to be alone at this particular moment. Where is the young fellow?"

HE HAD hardly put the question when a tousle-headed and excited young man came running down the stairs. He had seemingly been aroused from his sleep, for he was in pajamas and dressing-gown and his feet were bare.

"You'll catch cold," smiled Tanner. "There is no reason why you should be the only casualty of the evening."

"I say, I can't get my mother to see me—" began Lebanon.

"She's not quite herself tonight," said Bill soothingly. "I shouldn't worry. Totty, go up and ask her ladyship if she'll come down. Tell her I particularly wish it. And, Ferraby, quiet all those servants and send them back to bed."

The two were left alone. It was as Bill Tanner had designed.

"Where's Isla? I looked into her room and she wasn't there. My God, Tanner, this must be the climax!"

"I think it is," said Bill Tanner.

He had a feeling that the real climax would come when Lady Lebanon made her appearance. Would she come down? Would she find an easier way than facing the tragedy of her failure and the gaunt exposure of the secrets she had sacrificed so much to hide?

"What is it all about?" Lebanon's voice was unusually firm. "Please forget that I've been a soft, easy-going fool, and allowed everybody to run my life. I've decided it's about time I took charge. I'm going to leave this beastly place. Mark's Priory is on top of me, Tanner. You know who's in that room, don't you—the room that she wouldn't let you see? My father! I'm not Lord Lebanon."

Bill stared at him. This was the one revelation he did not expect. And yet instantly he corrected his surprise. Nothing Lebanon told him now could astonish him.

"He's the fellow who's been causing all the trouble," the young man continued. His words came with the impetuosity of a stream in spate. "He's gone—I'll bet he's miles away by now. He could get in and out of this house as he liked. That surprises you, doesn't it?"

"It does a little," said Tanner quietly.

The young man was sitting in his mother's chair, his hands lightly clasped before him, and with that attitude, in that light, he looked curiously like the woman whose son he was.

Bill drew a settle to the opposite side of the desk.

"Family, family— Good God! I'm sick of hearing the word!" He leaned forward over the desk. "Don't you think it's time we put an end to all this? First Studd, then Amersham, and now poor Brooks."

BILL shook his head.

"You're a little premature. Brooks isn't dead."

"Isn't he? Somebody said he was. . . . I'm glad. He's not a bad fellow. Don't you agree with what I say, Mr. Tanner? The Line should be wiped out—this Line?"

"I don't understand what you mean."

The boy moved impatiently.

"This sort of thing has been going on for heaven knows how many years. You ask my mother. She's got all their dates, all their names, all their damned pedigrees, all their party per fess and their saltiers! The Lebanons have always been like that—didn't you know?"

He dropped his voice confidentially.

"My father was like that. He was fifteen years in the old lord's room, as mad as a damned hatter!" He laughed softly. "Those two fellows used to look after him."

Tanner nodded. This was no news to him.

"Gilder and Brooks—yes, I guessed that."

The boy leaned his head on one hand and stared into vacancy.

"But he never strangled anybody," he said slowly. He was speaking to himself; his voice was tremulous with the pride of achievement. "No, he never strangled anybody. He didn't know how to do it."

He leaned across the table confidentially and spoke quickly.

"The first time I saw it done was in Poona. A little fellow slipped up behind a big man and put a cloth round his neck and"— he leaned back—"by God, he was dead! Fascinating!"

Bill said nothing.

"I tried it on a girl." He leaned forward again. "An Indian girl. She went out like that!" He snapped his fingers.

The boy's face was alive, eager and, but for that queer light in his eyes, unchanged from the weak, drawling youth Tanner had known an hour before.

". . . which one of you boys gave the King the 'razzberry' during the parade?"

Henri Weiner

HERE was the secret—no secret to Bill Tanner—of Mark's Priory. This dapper little man had cheated the world, had cheated the police, cheated all but his own mother who knew and suffered and gave her life to the protection of the Last of the Lebanons.

"Extraordinary, isn't it—how quickly people die?"

He put his hand in the pocket of his dressing-gown and drew out something—a long, red scarf—and chuckled with glee.

"Look at this! I've got lots of them: I brought them back from India. Amersham took some away from me, but he didn't know where I kept my stock. I've surprised you, haven't I? I'm not a big fellow, but I'm strong. Feel!"

He thrust out his bent arm, and Tanner's hand felt the great biceps. It was indeed a surprise to him: he had never suspected such strength in the boy.

"It's rather a lark," Lebanon went on. "You'd never dream it about me. People say: 'Oh, look at that little whippersnapper,' eh?"

And then he grew more serious.

"Of course, they made an awful fuss about this Indian girl. The fellows in the regiment didn't realize I had the strength to do it," he said. "It was a tremendous surprise to them, too."

"Is this the girl you told me about at Scotland Yard?"

Lebanon chuckled.

"Yes. Of course, Amersham wouldn't have had the nerve to do it, only I wanted to pull your leg. I get a lot of fun out of pulling people's legs."

"There was considerable trouble about it, wasn't there?" asked Tanner.

He kept his voice even; an observer might have imagined that they were gossiping on some uninteresting, commonplace happening.

"Yes, the baboos made a fuss about it," said the boy resentfully. "The mater sent Amersham to bring me home. He was an awful cad of a fellow—a dreadful outsider. He was a man who would sign other people's names on checks . . . ghastly, isn't it?"

Again his tone grew confidential.

"Don't have anything to do with him," he said, with quiet vehemence.

To him, Amersham for the moment was alive, a living and hateful restriction upon the freedom of his movements.

"After he brought me to England the mater sent for those two fellows who had looked after father . . . Gilder and Brooks. Of course, they're not real footmen; they're a sort of—well, they look after me, you understand?"

"Yes, I have understood that," said Tanner.

THEN a thought amused the boy.

"You know that room my mother wouldn't show you? Well, it's all padded, you know—rubber cushions all round the walls. I have to go there when I realize things."

"When you're a little tiresome?" smiled Bill.

"When I realize things." He was angry. "I know what I'm saying. It's realizing things that is so terrible. It's only when I'm excited that my brain gets clear."

Bill leaned over the table and Lebanon drew back quickly.

"Don't touch me." His hand went to his breast.

"I want a light. Be the perfect host," said Bill.

Instantly Lebanon melted.

"I'm sorry—awfully sorry."

He lit the match and held it steady while Tanner pulled at his cigar. When he had blown it out and carefully deposited it in the ash-tray:

"Are you friend or foe?" he asked.

"Why, what a question! I'm a friend."

Lebanon shook his head.

"You telephoned to Scotland Yard and asked them to send three doctors to certify me. I heard you on the phone. I was listening at the door."

"They're coming to see me," protested Tanner.

"That's a lie! They're not. They're coming to see me." His face went hard. "But I can fool them, as I fooled you, and as I've fooled all the clever people—Amersham—all of them. She was under his thumb, my mother. I'll tell you

(Continued on page 34*)*

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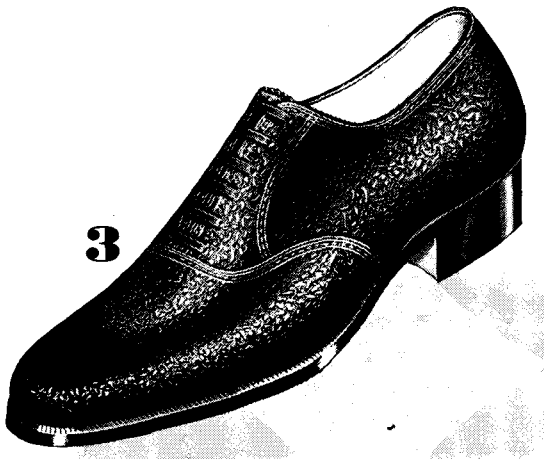

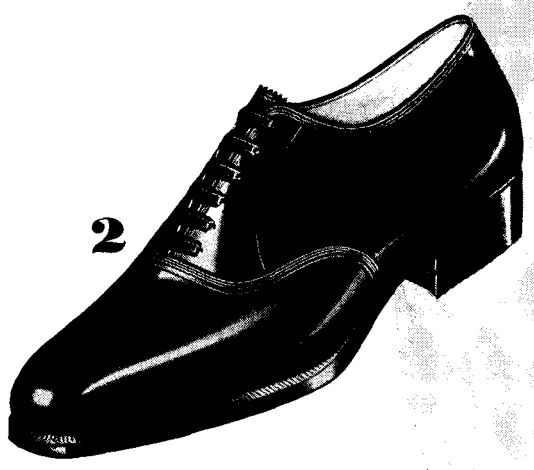

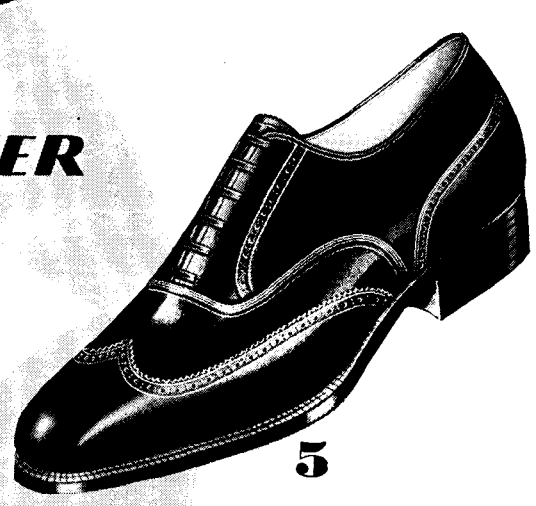

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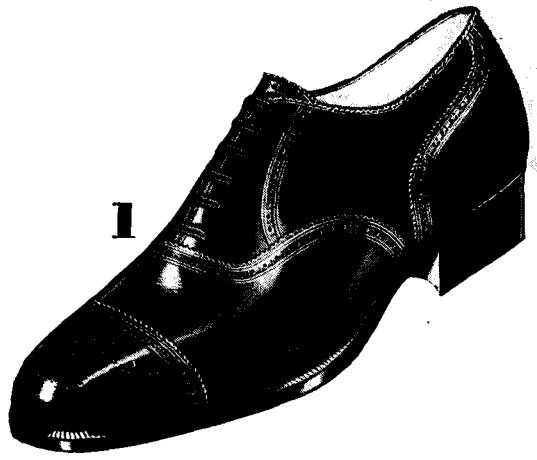

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The Frightened Lady

Continued from page 32

why. She administered my father's estate when she ought to have put it under commission—Lunacy Commission, isn't it? You know the law better than I do. And then she's been looking after my estate, too, and naturally she'd have got into trouble if it had been found out. Amersham threatened he'd go to the police once, and got a fearful sum of money from her."

There was one aspect of his disorder that had puzzled Tanner.

"Why did you—why were you so unkind to Studd, your chauffeur?"

Lebanon's face fell.

"I'm terribly sorry about that," he said. "He was such a good fellow. But I'm afraid of Indians. Some of them tried to kill me—they were very angry over this girl I told you about. She was such a stupid girl—a Eurasian or something. I didn't know about this beastly ball in the village. I saw this Indian, I was horribly afraid of him, and . . ."

He was very penitent; there were tears in his eyes.

"I cried for a week after that happened. Mother will tell you—all the servants will tell you. I sent beautiful flowers to his funeral. I was really sorry. And I sent his sister two hundred pounds. She was his only relation. I stole the money out of Mother's cash box, but it's really mine, you know. Mother was very annoyed about it, but then, she so easily gets annoyed."

HE LOOKED round towards the stairs, then to the door.

"Shall I show you something?" he asked, a half smile on his face. "If I do, will you swear you won't tell anybody?"

"I'll swear," said Tanner.

Lebanon put his hand inside his dressing-gown and brought out a revolver. Bill Tanner had expected that, too.

"It's the first one I've been able to get," he said. "I took it out of Brooks' pocket." He chuckled. "Rather clever, wasn't it? I've always wanted one."

Then he looked straight into Tanner's eyes.

"You can't strangle yourself, you know. It's rather difficult, and they look so ugly." He shuddered and closed his eyes. When he opened them again his face was drawn. "Sometimes I think the whole Line ought to be wiped out—all their escutcheons and their shields. The Line! God Almighty! To carry on the Line! Isn't that ridiculous?"

Tanner did not answer immediately, then:

"Poor old boy!" he said softly.

Lebanon's eyes narrowed:

"What do you mean—me? Why do you say that?"

"I've got a young brother of your age."

Lebanon's suspicious eyes were fixed on him.

"You don't like me, do you?"

"Yes, I do. I've been a very good friend of yours—I was very nice to you at Scotland Yard, at any rate."

The boy's face brightened.

"Of course you were! That was clever of me to go up there, wasn't it? I mean, that was the last thing you'd have expected. I killed Amersham that morning, and slipped away when all the fuss was on. I gave them a scare, too. Mother must have sent Gilder off in her own car, and he knew where I was going, because I'd told him that morning I'd go to Scotland Yard and have a talk with you."

Tanner flicked the ash of his cigar into a tray, and again the young man drew back, covering the pistol with both his hands.

"Yes, that was a stroke," said Tanner.

They sat without speaking for fully a minute. There was a clock somewhere in the room. Tanner heard for the first time the monotony of its tick.

"I wonder where he's put her?" asked Lebanon suddenly. "Isla."

"Where who's put her—Gilder?"

Lebanon nodded.

"SHE was looking awfully like that Indian girl this evening. I went behind her and put my arms around her. Didn't you hear her scream? She ran down the stairs and Totty was there, or I'd have followed. And Gilder, too, of course. He's never far away. Haven't you noticed that? He's generally around somewhere near her. I believe Gilder would kill me if I hurt her. You think Gilder's a brute, but he isn't really. He's very kind, especially to Isla. Nobody watches after her as he does, especially since she knew . . . and she does know. That's why she's frightened. She came downstairs the night I smashed up this place."

He looked round, interested.

"I don't remember doing it, but I suppose I must have. I nearly got Amersham that night. It took two of them to pull me off. By Cod, he was scared! Isla saw the struggle from the stairs. . . . She's been frightened ever since. I don't blame her, do you?"

Bill shook his head.

"It's queer. . . . When I did get Amersham last night she saw me again, coming in through the door with the scarf in my hand. Mother took it away from me and sent me up to bed. I'm terribly strong," he said again. "You wouldn't think so."

Bill nodded.

"Yes, I always thought you were pretty strong," he said.

He was beginning to feel the tension. His eyes never left that pistol under the boy's hand. This was not the climax he had planned. He had felt he could hold him in his present mood, quiet him, and after a while the paroxysm would pass and the boy would be normal again. That was a hope which was fast vanishing.

He had dealt with this type only once before, and the symptoms were not very encouraging. The peak of this mental disturbance had not yet been reached . . . and there was the pistol under his hand, fully loaded. He could see the gray noses of the bullets in their steel chambers, and the barrel was pointed in his direction.

"I worried them tonight"—Lebanon was laughing softly—"when I didn't take that drink. You know what was in it, don't you?"

Bill nodded.

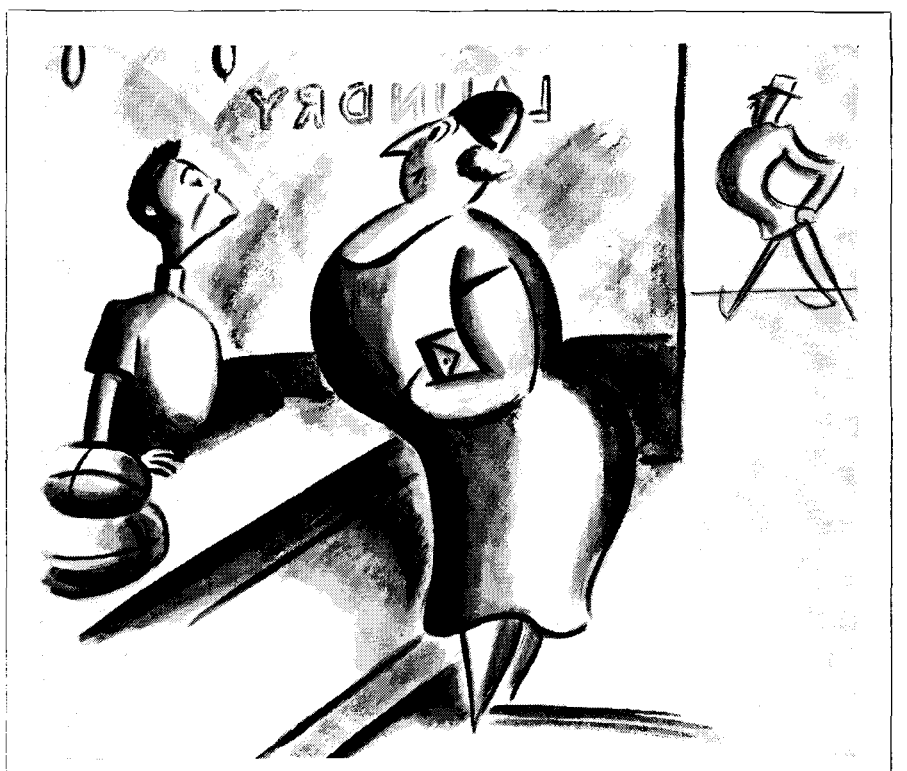
"Bromide of potassium. They thought you were getting a little excited and they wanted to calm you. I suppose they've done that before?"

"Lots of times," said Lebanon, "but I fooled them tonight."

Tanner took the whisky-and-soda that he had put on the desk, drank it deliberately and rose.

"I'm going to bed," he said.

He pushed back the settle, yawned and stretched himself. When he looked round the boy was behind him, that same strange look in his face which he had seen before.



"Do you remember how your mother prepared chop suey?"

O. Soglow

"You're not going to bed," Lebanon breathed. "You're afraid!"

Bill smiled and shook his head.

"Yes, you are. I frighten people."

"You're not frightening me," said Tanner good-humoredly. "Be sensible and give me that gun. Why do you want to fool about with a thing like that?"

"There are lots of things I could do with this."

TANNER heard a startled exclamation from the stairs. He did not turn his head, but he knew Lady Lebanon had appeared on the stairs.

"I could end the Line with this."

"Willie!"

The whole demeanor of the boy underwent a startling change. He cringed back, tucked the pistol into the front of his gown.

"What are you doing, you foolish boy? Give me that revolver."

"No, I won't!" he whined. "I've always wanted a pistol. I've asked you for one dozens of times."

"Put it away!"

For an instant of time he turned his back upon Tanner, and Bill leaped at him. He had not misstated his strength: it was staggering. Totty came flying in and joined in the struggle, but, with an effort which was beyond understanding, Lebanon wrenched himself free and ran to the stairs. As he did so, Gilder appeared. For a second the boy hesitated, and then . . .

The crash of the explosion was deafening. The pistol dropped from the boy's fingers and he sank down on the lower stair.

Instantly the three men were beside him. One glance told Tanner all he wanted to know. Lady Lebanon stood stiffly by the desk, her face averted, her proud chin raised.

"Well?" she said harshly.

"He's dead. He has shot himself," said Tanner huskily. "My God, what a tragedy!"

She did not answer. Her hands were clenching and unclenching. Her agony was pitiful to watch. Then she turned towards the stairway and came slowly towards them.

She passed the body without so much as a glance, stood for a second on the stairs, holding on to the wall for support.

"Ten centuries of Lebanons and no one left to carry on the Line!" she moaned.

The men listened in awed silence.

"A thousand years of being great . . . gone out like a candle in the wind!"

They heard no more but the murmur of her voice receding into the distance.

Bill looked down at the dead man at his feet.

"A thousand years of being great," he said bitterly.

"TO ME," said Chief Inspector Tanner, reporting to his superior, "the case at first looked very much like a quite ordinary crime of revenge. There were two or three suspects. The first of these, of course, was Amersham. He was present in the field when Studd was killed, and there was, moreover, a motive: they were both running after the same girl, and Amersham was intensely jealous. He had a bad record, and I confess I was fooled when Lebanon came to Scotland Yard and told me that story about Amersham's having been involved in a strangling case in India. That for the moment clinched the suspicion to the doctor. As a matter of fact, it was not until after his death that I had a wire from India, giving me the fullest particulars about the crime.

"Lebanon was obviously the guilty party, but he'd been certified insane, and the Indian authorities were very glad to see him out of the country. He'd been acting very queerly, taking pot shots at his beaters when he was out shooting, and was under observation when the murder of this girl was committed.

"If I'd had the least suspicion of Lebanon I would have known that it's one of the commonest tricks for a man mentally deranged to pass suspicion on to somebody else, and to credit other people with his own acts. But Amersham, with his bad record, and his peculiar relationships with Lady Lebanon, seemed a fairly reasonable point at which to start one's investigations. That is, of course, before I learned of his death.

"I can dispose of Amersham very briefly. He was a thief and a blackmailer. He had the good luck to be employed by Lady Lebanon to attend her husband. The family doctor, who had kept her secret, had died, and she must have found considerable difficulty in procuring a successor, because any decent medical man would have immediately reported the facts to the authorities and the Lunacy Commission would have dealt with his estate.

(Continued on page 36)

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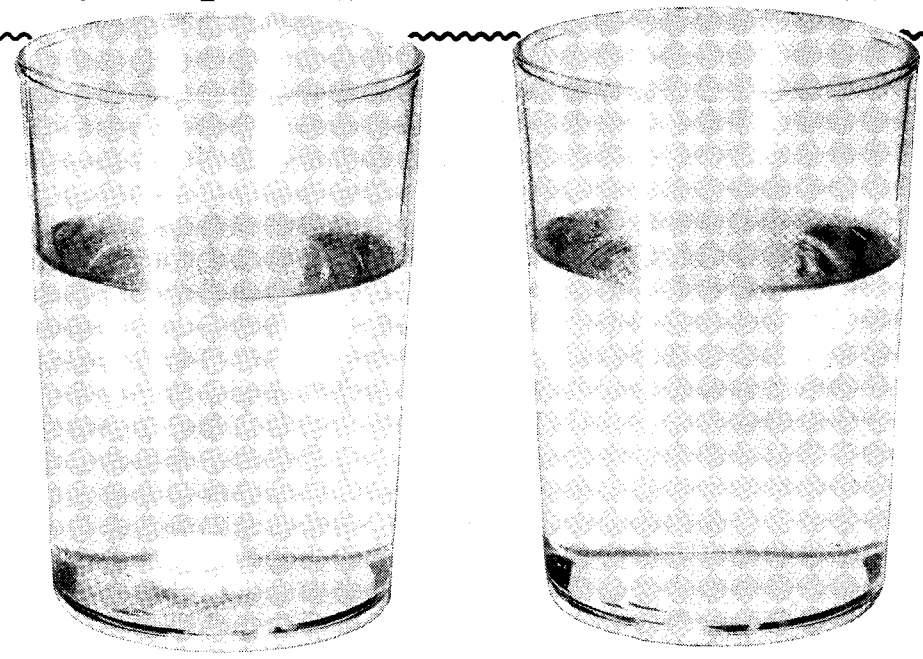

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The Frightened Lady

Continued from page 34

"Amersham was in every way an ideal person. He was not stupid; he had some knowledge of mania, and when he saw the advertisement in the Times asking for the private services of a medical man with a knowledge of mental cases, he immediately applied, and had the good luck to get the job.

"The salary was a big one, and he was in clover from the start. But he must have realized his opportunities, and gradually increased his hold over the Lebanon family until he dominated the woman, and eventually her son."

THE chief constable interposed a question, and Bill Tanner shook his head.

"No, sir, there is no history of any early symptoms as far as the boy was concerned. He was not very brilliant, but he managed to pass through Sandhurst into the Army. The Indian medical authorities have a history of a slight sunstroke, which may have accelerated an hereditary weakness, but until he started shooting at his beaters there was not the least suspicion that anything was wrong with him. The Army authorities, of course, knew nothing about his father, though a great-grandfather had been confined in a lunatic asylum. In fact, there is insanity on both sides of the family.

"When the old lord died, her ladyship must have thought she'd got rid of a man who was becoming more and more of an encumbrance. We know that Amersham did not go to Mark's Priory for three months, and then the trouble in India came, and she was glad to send for him.

"He agreed to take charge of the boy and hush up the Indian matter, and the price he demanded was a quiet little wedding at Peterfield. I was rather puzzled as to why they went to Peterfield, but Lady Lebanon has a lot of property in the village apparently, and, in fact, the Lebanons control the parson.

"The marriage seems to have been one of convenience. There was no pretense of love or any associations of married life. But she did demand from Amersham a certain standard of conduct. Amersham had his own establishment, his own life. They had brought back Gilder and Brooks to look after the boy, and nothing very remarkable happened until the killing of Studd, which in one sense was an accident.

"What the boy had discovered was that there was a secret way out of the padded room where he was put at times. He had found the panel and the stairs leading down to a door which had been used in the old lord's time to bring him out into the grounds for fresh air. There are tiny grooved rails on each side of the steps into which the wheels of his wheel-chair fitted. This must have been before Gilder's time, because he was ignorant of the passage and the door.

"The vitality of young Lebanon was extraordinary. You can never have a better instance than what happened on the night of his death. Within a quarter of an hour he made an attempt upon a police courier, smashed his way into Mrs. Tilling's cottage, got back to the house and changed into evening dress—all within fifteen or sixteen minutes.

"When the boy came to the Yard I had no idea that he was anything but normal. He seemed a weakling, one of the pampered mother's darlings one encounters in every grade of society; a little insolent, perhaps, to his social inferiors in spite of his claim to democracy; but, generally speaking, quite a nice, wholesome young man.

"Why he came is pretty obvious. He had killed Amersham in the night, and he wanted to make an early appearance before the police began their inquiries, and shoot the suspicion in any direction but himself. You and I have seen that happen scores of times in normal criminals, but it is extraordinary that this boy, with very little knowledge of the world, should have had the enterprise to do what he did.

"As soon as he was missed Lady Lebanon sent one of the keepers in search of him. Gilder had heard him talk about going to Scotland Yard, and followed him, and did not leave him till he was safe at Mark's Priory. They returned in the same car—I didn't know this till Gilder told me.

"His appetite for destruction grew. He had had only one bad outbreak before the murder of Studd, and that was when he smashed up the common room at Mark's Priory. The killing of Amersham was planned with remarkable ingenuity. It is probable that Lebanon had shown himself to the man he murdered a few minutes before he took his life. He waited outside, passing down through the passage, and when Amersham was halfway down the drive, at a point where he had to go slow because of a sharp bend, he leaped on the back of the car and killed him.

"On this occasion he didn't go straight back to the house. Either he lost his way—at any rate, he found himself in a belt of trees that runs parallel with the road, and continued up there till he was suddenly halted by Tilling, the gamekeeper. In a frenzy of fear Lebanon sprang at him. There is no doubt whatever that the gamekeeper must have recognized who his opponent was, for he put up a pretty poor show. He was strong enough to deal with Lebanon and one supposes—that is his story—that he only exercised enough force to restrain his master from doing him any harm. Tilling was shocked—probably more shocked than he was by the flirtations of his wife. It was he who took Lebanon back to the house.

"LADY LEBANON was in a dilemma. For the first time her secret had gone outside a select circle that could be depended upon to keep it. She was already distracted by the knowledge that something had happened to Amersham. In fact, they were searching for his body—she and Gilder and Brooks—when Tilling came on the scene with this rather subdued youth.

"For some reason they were not able to find the spot to which Amersham had been dragged, and their first care was to have Gilder take the car and leave it on the roadside a few miles from the village.

"There remained Tilling to be dealt with, and Lady Lebanon, knowing that the police would be on the spot in the morning, and that possibly this gamekeeper might be a source of danger, decided to send him to her lodge near Aberdeen. She provided him with money and gave him his route, and Tilling went off, I should imagine, with his brain in a whirl.

"I think she could have taken the risk of his remaining on the estate, and she would have done so but for the fact that she knew this man was under suspicion, and that probably he would be subjected to a stiff cross-examination at my hands, and that to save himself he would blurt out the truth. Tilling went off on his bicycle to Horsham, and boarded a train for Aberdeen.

"That was the last of Lebanon's definite crimes. All that followed was accidental and arose out of circumstances which he regarded as desperate.

"Towards Miss Isla Crane—I discovered this afterwards—he had the bitterest animosity, and, although she isn't aware of the fact, and so far as I am concerned will never know, he had made three attempts on her life, and had planned to kill her the night he shot himself.

"With the cunning of a madman he did not tell Gilder his plan, knowing that Gilder, who had constituted himself a sort of guardian angel to the girl, would have done everything in his power to save her. But Gilder did know. You can't look after a madman for very long before you develop another sense, and he removed the girl from her room to his own—just in time. It was his companion, Brooks, who was almost strangled.

"The old lord's room, by the way, has three entrances—one by the bed, which was the way the murderer came in, and two others that had been screwed up, probably by Lady Lebanon's orders.

"That is all there is to tell you, sir. The only thing I want to add is a recommendation that Sergeant Totty shall be promoted acting inspector."

THE chief constable opened his eyes wide.

"Good Lord! Why?" he asked, shocked.

"I'm blessed if I know, but he'd better have it," Bill said.

"I see you have made a strong recommendation about Ferraby."

Bill smiled.

"I don't think we need worry about Ferraby. We shan't have him with us long."

The problem of Ferraby's association with the Metropolitan Police was at that very moment being discussed. Sergeant Ferraby was sitting cross-legged on a large settee in a certain house in Stevenage.

"I'll tell you my guilty secret," he said. "All the time I've been in the force I've been reading law. Even Tanner doesn't know that."

Isla was delighted.

"I think I'll pass the bar examinations, but it will be two or three years before I can dream of earning money, and I couldn't live on you."

She laughed.

"Spoken like a perfect gentleman," she mocked.

It was a new Isla Crane he was learning, someone very buoyant and vitally gay. He could hardly remember what she had been in those nightmare days at Mark's Priory.

"I was hoping that what that poor boy said at Scotland Yard was true—that the heir was a waiter or something in America, but apparently that was part of his invention. You're a rich woman."

She shook her head.

"Not yet. I may never be. Poor Willie left me an annuity, and some day I suppose I shall inherit the rest of his fortune. But that doesn't matter, does it—not really?"

He shook his head.

"Not really. If you could live in a small flat—I mean, if you could live on a few hundred a year—"

"It's not necessary," she said, "and anyway, I'm not afraid of living in a small flat on six hundred a year. I'm not afraid of anything except your being terribly heroic and putting off our marriage until you've made a fortune. If you did that I should be the frightened lady all over again."

THE END

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But Not for Love

Continued from page 15

Since had not Pettina said to me in that unforgettable and only moment when her husband left us alone together, "Carlo—Carlo mio—am I so fat that you no longer recognize me?" and I, to her, with that well-known tact which has latterly earned me so many encomiums, "Madam, even though a head one, I am still a waiter. So why torture me, why tantalize me with the past?"

To which, however, nothing rebuffed, she had retorted, "Can the past ever die, Carlo?"—leaving me prey to such a storm of emotion that even now—and five more years have gone by since the day her feet first crossed The Fantastic's threshold—I shudder when I think of it. For though the girl I had so adored as Pettina Papricotti was now Her Serenely Transparent Countess von - am - zu - und - bei Veikesberg, and though I also had contracted holy matrimony, it was nevertheless becoming rapidly transparent to me that the soft fire of love was not yet extinguished between us.

AND on the day that her distinguished husband left hurriedly, without even pressing a *douceur* into my hand, for Manchester (where, also, it seemed to him that the sales of Schloss Veikesberg needed personal stimulation) I knew that I stood on the brink of a matrimonial catastrophe.

That very afternoon Pettina summoned me to her apartment. That very afternoon—though only after the expression of the profoundest scruples did I accept even a cigarette from her bediamonded fingers—she told me how money and a great name had tempted her to give up her career as a waitress at the Italienischer Café in Berlin—after the lamented decease, also attributed to stomachic disorders, of that other chef whom she had accompanied thither from Salsomaggiore; and how soon even the money, even the great name she bore, had turned to dust and ashes "because I married without love, Carlo. And when a woman such as I am marries without love, all life is dust and ashes."

After which—and with no warning except the faintest hiccough—she burst into floods of tears.

I did my best—what man, in my position, would not have done his best?—to stanch those tears. But for a long while my efforts proved unavailing; neither would she let me leave her until I had promised further meetings: so that when, late that night, I returned to Camberwell I could hardly face my dear one's trustful "And has my big Charles been faithful to his big Annie?"

Though heaven knows I had been faithful to her, except for the stanching of Pettina's tears.

Next day my own heart felt heavy. For among the further meetings I had promised Pettina was one for that very afternoon, during my scant hour of leisure; and all through luncheon—of which she partook, at my special request, in my restaurant—I pondered on the advisability of again visiting her apartment.

Then a few words in our own tongue, whispered while I was hovering, as in duty bound, at her elbow, informed me that our rendezvous was to be at the Memoriale Alberto, which splendid monument, visited among other sights of our great metropolis in company with her blue-blooded husband, had not failed to fire her with that artistic fervor which is in every Italian's blood.

At the Albert Memorial, accordingly, some three hours later we met; and never shall I forget how well her nobly proportioned figure blended with the various groups of statuary which decorate the plinth of that splendid monument; nor the words she said to me as we wandered—arm in arm, her almost royal rank for the nonce forgotten—over the Hyde Park grass and under the Hyde Park trees.

"Carlo," she said. "Carlo adores me. He is faithful. But he is so old. He is so ugly. Uglier even than those two chefs—"

And I, "Do not let us speak of them, Pettina. This one, at least, is rich."

And she, "Not so rich as all that—though, God be praised, he carries a heavy life insurance."

And I, "Then, since he is old, there is always the future."

And she, stamping one of her feet, which had not suffered the same expansion as the rest of her body, "Pah, the future, Carlo. What matters the future to any woman? For us there is only the present; and," very softly, "the past."

"But my own marriage?" I went on—for I, too, on the previous afternoon had confided a little of my private circumstances. And at that her face went very pale under the big hat she was wearing—since with us Neapolitans marriage is very sacred, the slightest breach of its obligations being vindicable with death.

"But we are in England," she said at last," and your wife is from Milan, where the blood does not run so hotly. And besides, she would never know—any more than *he* would ever know."

"There are our consciences, too," said I.

And she, "Shall love, then, bow down to conscience?"

And I, "Sometimes it must, Pettina."

But even as I spoke her arm pressed mine so convulsively that, just for a moment, I forgot my dear one. Yet when I next spoke it was very resolutely, saying, "It cannot be, Pettina. Alas, but it can never be."

Whereupon, I would have parted from her. But with her eyes flashing she restrained me; and for yet another half-hour we walked arm in arm, her transparency and my head-waiterhood alike forgotten, under the Hyde Park trees.

IT WAS nearly six before we separated—she to a humble taxi, I to an even humbler omnibus. But all the way back to the hotel, and all that night, I thought of her.

Sometimes I felt that I was going mad, as only we of the South can go mad, with sheer longing for those dear plump arms, for the dear vermilion lips of my Pettina. And when, on the following day, her husband returned from Manchester I had all I could do to restrain myself from scowling at him as he went heavily past me to the elevator.

For by then he had been with us the full week, and as yet he had not given a single *douceur*—not even to the luggage porter who had met him at the station. While as for his Schloss Veikesberg, of which we had at last procured a genuine supply, the stuff was almost undrinkable.

Yet that he himself drank of it—unless, of course, death by self-poisoning were excluded under the conditions of his insurance policy—gave me hope.

For while he lived, it seemed to me, Pettina could never be truly happy; and, Italian though I am by birth, I have yet been domiciled long enough in

(Continued on page 38)

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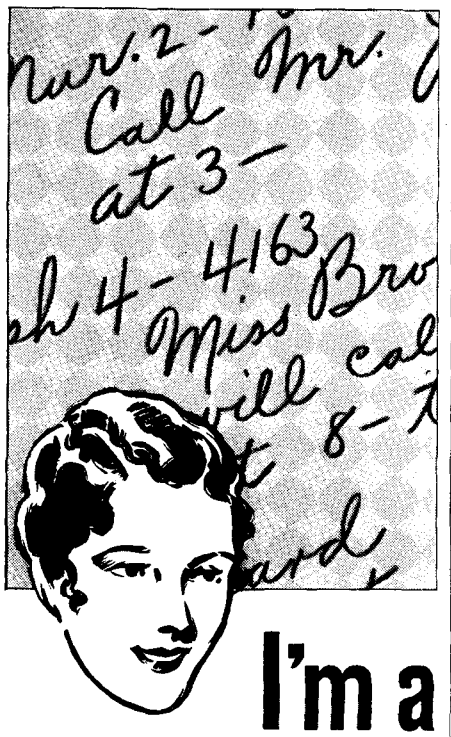

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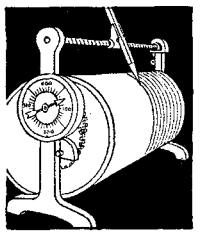

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(Continued from page 37)

England to learn that true spirit of English chivalry which alone can set the loved one's happiness above its own passion.

My passion, nevertheless, continued hot in me; and hardly anything but the thought of my own connubial dear one, and of our rapidly expanding business—for only the man's own wine of which, needless to say, I forbade the serving to other clients, could have counteracted the advertisement of his stay with us—prevented me from answering those many letters in which my Pettina begged, and begged again, that I should make another rendezvous with her.

THE fact that I did not reply to any of those letters, however, proves that, even at his most passionate, the great Charles was still master of himself. Nor did my self-mastery fail me till that day, when, answering the mere call of duty, I found that the message, "Count Veikesberg would be glad if the chef-de-restaurant could visit him in his apartment," had been a bogus one; found, to my horror, that it was Pettina and not her husband who had summoned me, and that Pettina was alone.

"He has gone," she exclaimed the moment I had closed the door behind me.

"Gone?" I ejaculated.

"Yes. Suddenly. To Birmingham this time. After a big order. A thousand cases."

"A thousand cases," I repeated. "Impossible. Who would buy a thousand cases of that . . . that rat poison, Pettina?"

At which she paled again; but controlling herself, said very simply, "In the English provinces I am told that they will drink almost anything. But what do we care, Carlo mio? What do we care—since now, we can be alone again?"

And on that, though I did my best to elude her onrush, she flung herself into my arms, crying, "Carlo. Carlo mio! Why have you been so cruel to me? Why have you not answered a single one of my letters? Carlo. Carlo mio! I adore you so. If you will not be mine here, if you are so afraid of your wife, let us fly together—let us fly away from this cold England back to our own warm South. Have you forgotten those potatoes I used to peel, Carlo? Have you forgotten the old *osteria*, and the guitars playing Funiculi-Funicula?"

"Could I ever forget?" I stammered.

"Then fly with me," she stammered back. "Fly with me. Listen. There are my jewels. I could sell them. And with the money we could buy our own *osteria*. Think of it, Carlo. Our own, our very own *osteria!*"

But at that, though Heaven knows she had tempted me sorely, I remembered not only the past, but Mussolini, and the bitter cup I had quaffed at the hands of his black-shirted myrmidons on the night I fled from Italy, vowing I would never return while such a tyrant ruled there; and sadly, holding her still in my arms, I repeated, "It cannot be, Pettina. Alas, but it can never be."

"Yet you love me still," she protested.

"Yes," I admitted. "I love you still."

And after that, I remember, we stood for a long while speechless, with her heart throbbing against my heart—till at last I put her away.

"What you ask," I said then, "is impossible. Never, never again till the glorious flag of a truer liberty once more unfurls its red oriflamme over our beloved country, can I, once Carlo but now Charles Cigarini, set foot on its sacred soil. And even if I could, even if I could fly thither with you, Pettina, we are responsible for the happiness of others—of your Wilhelm, of my Annie. Their very lives are in our hands. Shall we break those lives, Pettina mia?"

"But our own," she sobbed. "Our own lives. What of them, Carlo? What of our happiness?"

And thinking of my Annie, who, as I have previously had occasion to suggest, is not so beautiful—and of her Wilhelm, who could not even reward extraordinary service with an ordinary *douceur*—I knew not how to answer her. Till the telephone on the ormolu table, ringing sharply, recalled me to my senses; and, motioning to her that she should answer it in person, I made to withdraw from a situation with which even my tact, it seemed to me, could no longer cope.

Yet hardly were my fingers on the door handle, and hers on the telephone receiver, than I turned again, hearing her stammer, "*Ma no. Ma no! Morto? Impossibile!*" and, running to her, caught her in my arms once more as she fell back swooning from the instrument which had just transmitted its fatal news.

That news—having laid her on the sofa—I confirmed with my own ears; and having done so, stood for a full moment very pensive; alternately thanking my stars that His Transparency, who had expired very suddenly after consuming his midday bottle, had done so in the train rather than on our own premises (for that kind of thing is always damaging in the hotel business); and wondering whether the little rise in our fortunes we had experienced during his stay with us would continue now that he was gone.

For if it did not continue, and provided His Transparency's life-insurance policy had not contained that clause which my own prudence would have inserted in it, I might yet be forced to fly, however dangerous the flight, with Pettina. Whereas if it did continue, it would ill become me to desert the post of duty—to say nothing of my dear one at home.

Meanwhile Pettina had stirred, and her eyes were opening, and she had begun to moan.

"Dead," she moaned. "My Wilhelm dead. But his Annie—Carlo's Annie—still lives. And he does not love me. My Carlo does not love me."

On which, realizing she was so distraught, I ran to where she lay and, flinging myself on my knees beside her, begged of her to control herself—for her own sake, no less than for my own.

"Silence!" I begged of her. "Silence, Pettina mia. Remember who you are. Remember the reporters. They must be sent for, and at once."

"But why?" she moaned.

"Because," I told her—and my voice trembled, "because this hotel is almost in the hands of the debenture holders and if we cannot get more publicity they will foreclose on us."

WHEREUPON—having begged her, if she still loved me, not to refuse a single interview—I stepped to the telephone again. And within less than twenty minutes the first of the reporters was knocking at her door.

Needless to say, I was not present at that interview nor at any of those which followed it. But when, on the following day, I read the result of them—and saw, on every picture page, the same photograph of our Royal Apartment in which the weeping widow was still hiding herself from a too sympathetic public—I knew that, well as Count Veikesberg had served us by his living presence, his untimely demise had served us even better.

And that very day, for the first time, we served more than a hundred luncheons; while on the day of the inquest, which happily passed off without mischance—though by then Pettina's photographs were also in circulation—we actually suspended our free list of actors and actresses, though it was barely six months since the opening of our hotel.

Our hotel, at long last, was on its feet; but Pettina was still prostrate. Only for the funeral—and that only at my urgent request—did she emerge from the apartment which had given her sanctuary. And when—though only at her urgent request—I next visited her there it seemed to me that grief had almost shrunk those noble proportions back to the slimmer ones I remembered.

Yet, when with my well-known tact I told her as much, and congratulated her on her freedom, and on her inheritance into the bargain, all she could say was, "Of what use is money when it cannot buy happiness, Carlo? Of what use is my freedom to me when you are still tied?"

After which she again pressed me, with true Neapolitan vehemence, to fly with her; and when I again refused burst into such a paroxysm of sobbing that I was terrified lest her maid, who was washing her hosiery in the adjoining bathroom, should overhear.

"You do not love me," she sobbed. "You never have loved me. You are faithless. Faithless. And if I did not kill you for it—"

"It was only because," I reminded her, "you, too, were faithless. Because you left me—and for a common chef."

"If I did," she retorted, "it was your own fault. And if I leave you now, if I wipe the dust of this hotel from my feet and return to Veikesberg, there to live out my remaining years in solitude and seclusion, that will be your fault, too, Carlo. Because I love you; may Heaven and those reporters, whom I only let interview me for your sake, be witness that I love you—and should you but say the word, I will sell Schloss Veikesberg tomorrow and stay on here, here by your dear side, Carlo mio, waiting, waiting only for that day when some happy accident shall set you, too, free."

YET, although, as in duty bound, I spoke that word; and although, from that day to this, my dear countess has never deserted The Fantastic except for her annual vacation (being, indeed, on permanently reduced terms in view of her permanent advertising value), I wish to make it very clear that my relations with her are still, to quote another and even nobler motto, which I would gladly see painted all over the handy little motor car on whose gears my dear one still makes such delicious music, "Without fear—and without reproach."

I am devoted to her still; but only with the most discreet, the most distant of devotions. And if sometimes, more especially toward suppertime, her dear eyes seek mine regretfully across the glowing lights of this restaurant over which I have the honor of presiding, there is no answering regret in my eyes.

For whenever that happens—and this spring it seems to be happening fairly frequently—I remember not only that my dear one may be waiting up to ask me whether her big Charles has been faithful to his big Annie, but also the fact, confided to me by Gelido Chianti on the day of His Transparency's funeral, that the bottle of Schloss Veikesberg His Transparency took with him on the train to Birmingham (which chanced to be one of those I had taken so much trouble to procure for him on the night of his arrival) had been uncorked by my Pettina (whom Gelido had also observed extracting a little phial from her dressing-case prior to recorking it) with her own fair hands.

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At the Night Session

Continued from page 9

trivialities to her friends. She'd acted as if he were only an old acquaintance from her Blainesville days—but he knew her composure was a sham. An occasional twitch of her eyebrow, an involuntary gesture of her hand, the soft, nervous drumming of her slippered foot—all that told its story, to a man who knew her ways so well. Behind that smiling front she felt just the way he did—simmering, frustrated, on edge. . . .

"Alabama!" called the reading clerk; and a voice roared back—"Alabama—twenty-four votes for Claghorn!" Cheers from the gallery, mingled with boos. The roll call went on. . . .

"Evans!" Jake Moomaw called across the Ilconsota seats. "Just as a formality, I want this delegation polled before you report the vote."

"All right." Evans stood up, surveyed his perspiring flock. "Delegates at large: George Evans, one for Claghorn. Scott McCord—"

"One for Claghorn," Scott responded, his eyes still on Sylvia.

"Lincoln Ryerson," Evans called. No answer. "Where's Judge Ryerson?"

"Took sick at his stummick," somebody said. "Had to go home."

"Who's his alternate? . . . Oh, yes—Marge Bullen. Mrs. Bullen?" No answer. "Darn her!" said Evans, "she's gone off dancing again. If I ever let that woman come to another convention—Sam, call up her hotel. Call up all the dancing clubs. Tell her to come back here—quick. . . . All right; we'll go ahead. Delegates at large: Mrs. Carrie Smithson—"

The poll went on, Moomaw keeping tally along with Evans.

"Twelve for Claghorn, eleven for Coe," Evans announced at last. "Is that right, Jake?" Moomaw nodded sourly; they had barely finished in time.

"Ilconsota!" the reading clerk was calling. George Evans stood up.

"Ilconsota, under the unit rule, is proud to cast twenty-four votes for the nation's choice, that sterling American, Edwin F. Claghorn!"

More cheers and boos. . . . The clerk called on Indiana. . . . Thirty for Claghorn. . . . Iowa—twenty-four for Claghorn . . . Evans sat down, in relief.

"GUESS I'll go out in the lobby," said Scott, "and get some air."

But his eyes were on a spot of color in a front-row box. . . . She looked down, saw him pushing through the aisle; he saw her rise, go out—as if a magnet, stupendous, irresistible, were drawing them together. . . . They met in the lobby, where a swarm of people brushed back and forth, jostling. . . .

"Well!" she said, "so it's almost over?"

"Not yet; some of the delegations will have to be polled. Claghorn's got it; but it may be half an hour before they finish the ballot."

"Oh. . . . But then we adjourn, don't we?"

"They've got to nominate a Vice President. The man Claghorn picks will get it on the first ballot; and these delegates haven't got money enough to spend another day in Chicago just for that. So they're going to stay in session till they finish everything up tonight."

"But," she gasped, "with nominating speeches, and all—why, we'll be here till sunrise!" He nodded. "But you'll stay over in Chicago for a day or two afterward, won't you?" she asked anxiously.

"Sylvia—I can't. I'll have to go back right away."

"Oh. . . . You mean I—I won't have another chance to talk to you?"

"Sylvia! Have you changed your mind—about trying again?"

"No . . . It's no use, Scott; we're two people. I'd hate quarreling with you in the White House just as much as I hated it in Blainesville. . . . But I did count on seeing you again—after last night—"

His heart thumped. So she felt that last night had been a failure, too.

"Well—" he said. "I've voted, and it may be two hours before they ballot for Vice President. If—if you'd like to drink some more beer—"

"I'd like to . . ." Her hand slipped into his arm; he felt her fingers tighten as they walked out to her parked car. They got in; then—

"Grandi's is a long way off," she said, "if you've got to come back. And I've got some beer at my apartment."

Again he stared hard at her; but this time her eyes didn't turn away.

"Let's go," he said; and they went.

HE COULDN'T believe they were rolling on wheels through Chicago streets; they were flying, flying through the upper air, a cool, scented wind rushing past them. Suddenly Sylvia jammed on the brakes; down a side street came a siren, a bell; a fire engine passed. . . . As they waited for its passing Scott heard another sound: a radio beside a window above them, where some Chicago citizen was listening in on the convention. And it seemed to him that even through the engine's clamor he could hear incredible words—"No candidate having received the required majority, the secretary will call the roll of states for the second ballot."

The second ballot. . . . Claghorn hadn't gone over, then! . . .

As the door of Sylvia's apartment opened he heard another radio, across the court from her living-room; the reading clerk had just called Ilconsota and he heard George Evans' reply—"Ilconsota, under the unit rule, proudly casts twenty-four votes for Edwin F. Claghorn!" . . . Sylvia, he could see, hadn't heard it at all; he was ashamed of having heard it—and he forgot it when she locked the door and turned to him with a look he'd never seen before, even on their honeymoon. . . . And his arms went round her, and he felt her mouth against his; and the whole universe dissolved into music, a great endless chord of harmony such as human ears had never heard—

But into that music from beyond the stars crept a dissonance—faint and faraway, but he heard it. A crackling interchange of dialogue, flung out from the radio across the court—

"Mr. Chairman!"

"Who is the delegate who addresses the chair?"

"Jacob P. Moomaw, Third Ilconsota District. I challenge the report of Ilconsota's vote, and demand that the delegation be polled!"

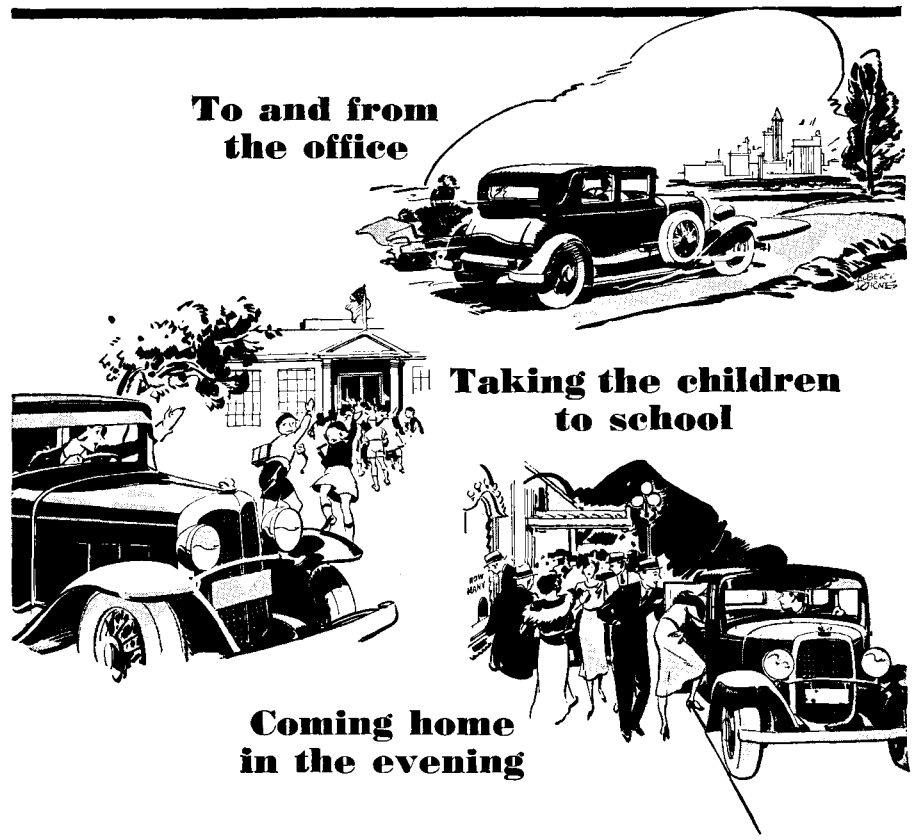
"A poll is demanded; the clerk will call the roll of delegates—"

"My God!" Scott said. "They're polling Ilconsota—and I'm not there."

"What?" Now at last Sylvia heard the radio; she stood beside him at the window, disheveled and quivering; they listened to the roll call—

"Delegates at large: George Evans . . . One for Claghorn . . . Lincoln Ryerson—" No answer. "Will the alternate respond? Mrs. William Bullen—" No answer. "One not voting. . . . Scott McCord!" No answer. "Will the alternate respond—" But Scott's alternate had gone home hours ago, never dreaming that Scott would leave the conven-

(Continued on page 40)



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LIGGETT and OWL STORES ARE Rexall STORES, TOO

(Continued from page 39)

tion hall. "One not voting!" the clerk went on inexorably. "Mrs. Carrie Smithson!" No answer; evidently Mrs. Smithson couldn't stand the air. "The alternate is James Brigham—"

Scott groaned. James Brigham was the alternate he'd promised Evans he'd talk to last night—last night, when he went out with Sylvia. And now James Brigham's voice rang out: "One vote for Coe!"

There was a roar from the gallery; and Scott McCord slumped down on the window seat. No need to listen to the rest of the roll call; that settled it. . . . And presently the clerk was announcing—

"Result of the poll of Ilconsota—ten for Claghorn, twelve for Coe. Under the unit rule, Ilconsota casts twenty-four votes for Coe!"

Sylvia turned, looked at him—pale and haggard. Through the clamor of the gallery they heard the clerk call "Indiana!" . . . A silence; then—"Indiana—seven for Claghorn, twenty-three for Coe!"

"Twenty-three!" said Scott. "It's a stampede! And I did it; I wasn't there—"

"Scott!" Her eyes gripped him with a force he could almost feel. "You don't think I did this intentionally, do you—because I'm for Coe?"

"What? . . . Of course not. You couldn't. You're not that kind."

"No, I'm not—but you couldn't know what I'm like, after four years. And if you thought I could do a thing like that I'd jump out of this window. . . . I ought to do it anyway," she said miserably. "George Evans will never make you governor now—and you could have been President. . . . Scott, would it help any if we hurried back?"

"I don't know. . . . I can't believe Coe can be nominated on this ballot. If I get back in time to vote on the next one—"

"You will," she promised. "The traffic cops can't stop us unless they shoot at the tires—and hit them."

But he didn't feel that they were flying through the upper air as they went back to the Stadium; they rolled on wheels, at a pace that seemed maddeningly slow. Yet it gave him time to think; and presently—

"Sylvia!" he said. "What you had against me was my tie-up with Evans; and that's done for. After all, I'd have known it wasn't safe for me to leave, if I'd stopped to think—and you know why I didn't stop to think. I wanted you more than I wanted anything else—even the White House. So, now that my career in politics is over, don't you think you and I might—"

"I wouldn't dare, Scott. If I'd only had a little sense, back in Blainesville—But it's too late now. If you married me, after the excitement was over you'd look at me and think, 'Well, that's the woman that kept me out of the White House.' . . . No, don't say you wouldn't; nobody could help it. . . . Here we are."

THE car rolled into the parking space; they tumbled out, ran toward the Stadium. It shook with the roars of twenty-two thousand people; men and women were snake-dancing through the aisles, rhythmically chanting— "Coe! Coe! John W. Coe!"

"Coe?" said Scott to an usher. "Is he in? Did he get it?"

"Sure he got it. Where you been? State after state flopped over to him, after Ilconsota started the stampede."

"I see. . . . Well, Sylvia, I've got to see Evans and take my medicine. Thanks for bringing me back so fast. And I'm sorry—about everything. . . ."

But as he began to push through the crowd toward the Ilconsota seats he found that Sylvia was still clinging to his arm. He saw Evans, across the crowd—but now Jake Moomaw was coming up to him, wreathed in smiles.

"By golly, Scott, I knew you'd come through! I know what you've always thought of Johnny Coe—"

"He'll make a great President, Jake. But—"

"But Evans talked you into promising to vote for Claghorn. Sure—I understand. Well, you did vote for him—once; and then you took yourself out of the way just in time to help us put Coe over."

"But, Jake, I never meant—"

"Shut up!" Sylvia hissed in his ear. For Moomaw was going on—

"And Coe won't forget who gave us the chance to start the stampede. When you're governor you'll have a friend in the White House, and when he finishes his second term you know who'll be next in line."

"Governor?" said Scott. "I'll never be governor. George Evans—"

"Say, you don't think we're going to let him run things now, do you?"

"I wouldn't let you and your Coe crowd run things, either, Jake, if I were governor. I'm tired of being run."

"I had an idea you were," said Jake Moomaw. "All our crowd wants is a candidate for governor who'll be elected. You've built up such a personal following, it would be suicide for the party to nominate anybody else. And I bet you George Evans knows that just as well as I do."

A SWIRL in the snake-dancing crowd carried him away, flung George Evans forward. He looked at Scott reproachfully.

"George—" Scott began; and again Sylvia hissed "Shut up!"

"Well, you outsmarted me," said Evans sadly. "But I know when I'm licked and I never quarrel with a winner. I only hope you'll give me a break on state-house patronage; after all, I discovered you. . . . But darned if I ever pick up another amateur and educate him. They learn too fast."

"George," said Scott, "I've simply got to tell you—"

"He's got a long story to tell you," Sylvia interposed amiably. "Much too long to be told here, even with the necessary expurgations. But perhaps you'll come to dinner with us as soon as we're settled in Capital City."

Evans looked at her with sudden interest.

"Oh! You're Mrs. McCord?"

Sylvia laughed.

"Just at present I'm only Miss Torrens. But I used to be Mrs. McCord, and I'm going to be Mrs. McCord again as soon as we can get around to it."

WHEN George Evans was gone, Scott still stood looking at Sylvia, incredulous.

"Well, silly?" she said. "It won't be my fault if you don't get to the White House now. And you need somebody around to keep you from blurting things out. Not to mention the fact that the President can't go chasing off with women when there's public business to be done; he's got to stay at home. And home's going to be a more attractive place to stay in next time, Scott. I promise. . . ."

He was still staring at her, still unable to speak, when a panting woman came up to them, caught Sylvia's arm . . . . Marge Bullen. . . .

"Sylvia!" she gasped. "Don't let George Evans see me; he'd murder me. I never dreamed they'd need my vote: they didn't get me on the phone till twenty minutes ago— But what I was going to say— I thought I'd come up and see if any of those lovely negligees in your shop are anywhere near what I can afford."

"You can get them at fire-sale prices now, Marge. I'm clearing out my stock as soon as I can, so I can move to Capital City."

"Capital City? What's the idea? You like Chicago so much—"

"Yes, but Scott has to live in Capital City," Sylvia explained. "We're two people, he and I; but from now on we're voting under the unit rule."

"Are you the fifth window—the one that is breaking the morale of my men?"

Gilbert Bundy

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She Got the Order

Continued from page 19

diapers for the babies. There were other assets, however; an Irish way with her, "a gift of gab" which made her at once the terror and the delight of the home folks, and an active mind.

One day she went downtown, as they jokingly called the cluster of stores and the livery stable in Farmersburg, to pay the telephone bill. While Jean waited for the one operator to take her money and receipt her bill she heard the girl fume despondently: "But which Tom Brown do you want? We have five Tom Browns. There's the Tom Brown who is Mr. Hopkins' hired man. And the Tom Brown who married Walt Porringer's cousin Annabelle. And the Tom Brown who"— You see, Farmersburg might as well have been in China as Indiana, because it had the same telephone system as China; that is, you asked for the party by name, because there were no numbers and no phone books. Jean stood by the switchboard until the desired member of the Brown clan had been found. Then:

"Say," Jean asked innocently—she can ask questions *so* innocently; maybe that's her secret—"would it be a good thing if we had a telephone directory in Farmersburg, with numbers and everything?"

"It would be simply grand," replied the harassed operator.

Cataloguing the Countryside

Now W. S. Baldridge was the largest stockholder in the telephone company and he was also the father of her girlhood chum; he always referred to her as his third child and the Baldridge home was a second home to her. So Jean hied herself to the Baldridge general store and found Comrade Baldridge seated at his desk in the rear of the store.

Jean, being nothing if not direct, said: "If I will get out a telephone directory for your company without any cost to the company, may I do so?"

After some questioning on the part of Comrade Baldridge he told her to go ahead and see what she could do with the idea. Jean hurried to the editor of the country weekly and asked him how many pages of advertising she would have to sell in order to make the publishing of a telephone directory profitable. He explained the ratio between advertising and editorial text and circulation, and out of a sour life experience he sounded a warning. But the girl was jousting full tilt now with her idea. She went back to the Baldridge store and was told she might put it down for a page ad. Then she whipped up the horse and drove home to nurse the baby.

For two weeks she alternated between providing nourishment for her book and nourishment for her small son. Then the book was printed, and she made a worth-while profit. Other villages heard about her work and, not wanting to be outdone by a rival town, asked her to get out directories for their telephone companies, and first thing you knew she was the Official Telephone Directory Getter-up of the whole danged countryside.

Terre Haute was only sixteen miles away from all this publishing activity, and its merchants saw in Jean's telephone directories the very chance they were looking for to reach the stock-raising folks. She raised her rates. And if you were a telephone subscriber in her neighborhood, there was no reason for you to go thirsty; she struck off mailing lists from her directories, and sold them to the big liquor houses, also to the big mail-order houses. She made money; the baby hadn't missed a meal.

Robert Cornell, advertising manager of the Terre Haute Tribune, heard of the hustling and pretty girl mother. He persuaded her to move to Terre Haute. . . . Some modern newspaper practices date from her work there. When you see a home-and-market page in your town paper today, with a couple of columns of recipes and housewifely chatter entirely surrounded by the business announcements of grocers and other merchants, give a thought to Jean O'Haver Shassere, who started it all in Terre Haute.

When the Paris, Illinois, Beacon told Robert Cornell that they wanted the best advertising man he knew to take charge of their advertising, he sent Jean to tell them that she was the person they were looking for. She put the Beacon's advertising on a contract basis—and if you don't know what that means, the Beacon didn't know either, but it must have been all right as it made money for the paper.

One day she heard of a firm of attorneys who were reluctant to advertise, so reluctant, in fact, that they never had. So she went to see them, sold them an ad and this sale put an end to her newspaper career. "Young lady," they said, "if you are smart enough to sell us an ad you're smart enough to be a traveling auditor for us and we'll start you at twenty-five dollars a week and all expenses." That marked the beginning of the home-town's dubiousness about Jean's morals; if your practical experience with everyday economics goes back to 1909 you will recall that twenty-five dollars a week for a woman was enough to suggest immorality to towns larger than Farmersburg.

The Latest Invention

All this business career filled the time between the weaning of the children and their readiness for school. Jean had saved plenty of money. So she stayed home in Terre Haute, and found that the growing up of the children provided her with all the work she wanted. For a while, that is; but the time came when they were in high school and little trouble, and her mind began to get the best of her again.

It got out of hand altogether one day when she was riding home on a street car. It was snowing and the poor motorman had a tough time of it; when he leaned out in the wintry blasts to wipe the slush from the window in front of him it all blew into his beard. "There ought to be a windshield wiper for street cars as well as automobiles," Mrs. Shassere thought; so she went home and invented one, and a car company in St. Louis bought it from her right away. There was college in sight for the children.

After she had perfected her drawings for the window wiper she took them to Dr. Philip Woodworth, president of the famous Rose Polytechnic Institute in Terre Haute, to see if she had it "foolproof." She found the good doctor was having his troubles with some new buildings for the school; it took so plagued long to get steel from Indianapolis where they were having it fabricated. "Why buy steel in Indianapolis for a Terre Haute institution?" Mrs. Shassere asked Dr. Woodworth.

"Because there are no companies that sell steel in Terre Haute," he replied.

"What!" said Mrs. Shassere, "do you mean to tell me that in a city as big as

(Continued on page 42)

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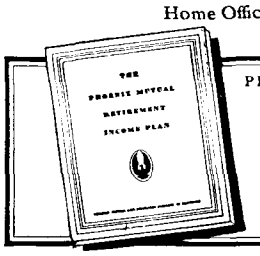

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BROKER

Originally a Vender of Wine

A modern broker who engages in large-scale [illegible] takes his name from a

(Continued from page 41)

Terre Haute (population, census of 1930, 62,810; 89 per cent white; sixteen parks; glass works and flour mills) there are no steel salesmen?" That was exactly what he meant to tell her. "Dr. Woodworth, do *you* think *I* could sell steel?" she asked naïvely.

He told her, "You can sell steel if you think you can sell steel," which might be a plank in the Republican platform.

Jean O'Haver Shassere says that Opportunity did not knock at her door, for she went out and met it when she saw it coming. She went home to the children that evening simply boiling as [illegible] Haute and surrounding territory. She knew Major L. C. Gage socially, but you would never have thought it from her letter, which was crisply formal and businesslike and caused a great deal of hilarity among the Gages. But there was enough sound logic in the application to cause them to answer and tell her they would be glad to have her send them blueprints and specifications from which they would make up quotations for her to give to the general contractors and they would also be glad to handle any orders she might secure—on commission.

From the beginning she made it a practice to go out on the job. Learned a lot about steel and men that way. Goes out even nowadays, and climbs around on the buildings with the spryest of the men.

In no time she had a virtual monopoly on steel in Terre Haute; then she branched out to other towns. She subscribed to all the trade journals, and took a specialized course at Purdue University. In Danville, Illinois, she set some kind of a record when she sold all the steel and metal used in the Joe Cannon High School—right down to the window weights. It was unique for one person to sell all the metal in one job. She had added to the structural steel ornamental iron, metal lath, metal sash, reinforcing steel and window weights, for the general contractors found it mighty handy to have all these orders taken care of by one person. Her connections were all in Chicago and she effected quite a saving in freight by having combination cars of materials shipped, no small item in fixing up prices on a job.

She had a long spell of sickness and caught up on her thinking, which had been accumulating for several years, with the net result that she decided that she had gone as far as she could go in Terre Haute, as the steel required there was not sufficient to keep her busy and she was very tired of traveling around to get business; besides, daughter Beatrice had taken up the study of nursing and wished to complete her work in a Chicago hospital and son Lee wanted to go to Hollywood to make his fortune as a writer for the movies. So she moved to Chicago.

Now she was told by many that she *could not* sell steel in Chicago. That competition was so keen that she simply could not keep up with it. The firm of Olney J. Dean had furnished her with reinforcing steel for several years and to them she went with a proposition to go along with them for a year and see what she could do. The Dean Company, being good sports, decided to risk ridicule from their competitors and give her a chance to see what she could do.

One of her first calls was upon a firm of architects, and their office manager thought he ought to warn her that many [illegible]leswomen vamped their way through [illegible]lds traditionally monopolized by men this big, wicked city. Moreover, he [illegible]arned her that, whether she vamped [illegible]ients or not, she would be suspected of [illegible] by her competitors.

But Mrs. Shassere was no longer the soft, helpless widow of twenty-two with the appealing eyes and a baby tucked under each arm; she was now a smartly turned-out woman of the business world, forty-one years old, and she figured her age would protect her against nonsense. What's the use of a woman's being forty-one unless it's some protection?

It seems that word of this mysterious female who had come to Chicago to sell steel got around the trade quickly; and there was much curiosity and conjecture about her. One day she walked into the office of a famous builder, looking for business, just in time to overhear a group of her rival salesmen warning the builder against her.

"She's just a fresh flapper, who thinks that trying to sell steel will give her a chance to rope in one of you big shots. People who have seen her tell us she is pretty awful—a drug-store blonde. She's fat, and she swears and chews gum—" All of which was accurate except as to Mrs. Shassere's age, intentions, manner of speech, color of hair, physical condition and habits of speech and food. She greatly enjoyed the amazement of the builder, when she was ushered into his office after her rivals had departed. He became one of her good customers.

She Knew Somebody

In the boom year of 1927 the building world in Chicago was filled with rumors of a great new Merchandise Mart which the Marshall Field Company was planning. It was to be the largest building in the world—yes, I know all about the Empire State Building, but now we're thinking about floor area, cubic content, and all that sort of bedrock space, not altitude. Every steel salesman in the country was on his toes, pulling wires, fighting for the inside track, for this job would require super-salesmanship to land it. It would be the juiciest reinforcing steel contract of the ages.

Mrs. Shassere went to the architects, Graham, Anderson, Probst and White, who were drawing the plans for the building, and watched the progress of the blueprints until it was almost time to bid. But so did every other steel salesman. She racked her brains for a scheme that would give her an edge over them. She knew that bidding in open competition would result in dog-eat-dog price-cutting until there was nothing left for anyone. She will tell you frankly that big-time selling comes down to a matter of whom do you know that has any influence with owner or contractor. Well, she found that she knew somebody who knew somebody.

The second and somebodiest person was the president of a great concern, and compared with him Mussolini is as available to ordinary folks as a policeman in Times Square. Forearmed, she went to the great man's office; it was the first business day of January, 1928, when most of her rivals were still coddling their holiday headaches. That gave her a running start. A secretary, with all the aloof unconcern of an English duke, wanted to know if someone else couldn't take care of her just as well, as Mr. So-and-So was in conference. Whereupon Mrs. Shassere sent in her ace—a letter of introduction from the president of another company who had played poker with him for years and was one of his oldest friends. The great man came tumbling out, all apologies, personally escorted her to the softest chair, and said, "Young lady, what can I do for you?"

"Not so young," said our heroine bluntly—she can be blunt if needs be; maybe that's her secret—"but there is a great deal you can do for me. You are the one man in Chicago who will have any real influence with the owners or contractors for the Merchandise Mart. Do not ask me how I know, but you see I do know. One man connected with the Marshall Field Company will have the final word as to whom shall be awarded the subcontracts. You are close to that man. Will you help me to sell the reinforcing steel mesh, inserts, etc., that will be required?"

Two Important Wrinkles

In other words, a frontal attack. She had sized him up instantly as a man you couldn't win by a flank shot; punch straight for the chin—that's what he liked. Furthermore, she knew that after fifty per cent of your opportunity has been expended on luck in getting to the Person Who Counts, there remains fifty per cent of sheer, hard sales work. Her hunch on no beating around was good; he liked the way she stated her case, her knowledge of the work in hand and finally, after several conferences, he told her to go about her work as usual, to keep quiet about his having any part in the matter, to pay no attention to anything she might hear about the job and she would hear from him when it was time to talk prices to the contractor.

She possessed her soul in patience for eight long weeks, while her office associates scoffed at her optimism; they did not think their company had a chance to get near the prize with the many other companies from all over the country who were after it.

One day she was mysteriously summoned to the office of the contractor who had the contract for the building. He asked her a lot of questions but told her nothing.

Then there was the matter of inserts. The Mart people wanted to leave a section of the building unplastered, to be used as a garage for the time being but later to be finished like the rest of the building, hence provision must be made for plastering when needed. You have no doubt seen the ceiling of an unfinished interior with a lot of wires hanging down so that it looked like a horse brush. Those wires are used to fasten the metal lath to and the plaster is applied to the lath. The Mart people did not want this space to have the overhead appearance of a gigantic horse brush, so the wires could not be left dangling. The architects planned to use inserts that would be threaded and embedded in the concrete with the opening flush with the surface; then, whenever needed, the pencil rods with mesh attached could be screwed into the inserts with very little labor. These inserts must be small, cheap, but with strength to carry the load required.

Mrs. Shassere had been improving the time of waiting and when the ordinary insert was found to be too heavy and too large she went to work to design one

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to meet the requirements. The result was an insert a fraction the size of the standard insert but with a carrying power all out of proportion to its size, and the price just what the contractor wanted to pay. She conceived the idea of using a brass screw to stop the hole in the insert, to prevent dirt from collecting or concrete from filling it; brass because it would not rust, no matter how long it remained there; sounds simple, but she thought of it first.

Those two wrinkles—this evidence that, as she says, she was "selling with her brain as well as her mouth"—gave great weight to her cause. Finally, late one day, came a telephone message. The big boss and all the little bosses in her office were sitting on the edges of their chairs when, white-faced, she hung up and told them, "They said to come on over. That's *all* they said." She says that scene and those that followed were as dramatic as any she ever saw on the stage. She has an instinct for stage setting and dramatics; maybe *that's* her secret.

The Fruit of Success

She went by taxi to the office of the contractor, six blocks away. She anticipated all sorts of arguments, but when she entered she was told the job was hers and the contract would be sent for signing in a few days. She ran down LaSalle Street the whole distance to her office, for no taxi in Chicago could have taken her as fast as she wanted to go.

She had secured the largest order for reinforcing mesh ever sold for one building—one thousand tons, one hundred thousand inserts of her own design and plenty of miscellaneous tonnage too. And even if you are no Ben Franklin, and don't believe you can chart your life by platitudes and that success breeds success, how do you account for the fact that the very next day, March 1st, there was Mr. Frank Herlihy, of the Herlihy Construction Company, another famous builder, telling her she had the contract for the reinforcing steel and mesh for the Board of Trade Building? That was almost as big a melon as the Merchandise Mart. It dropped into Mrs. Shassere's attractive lap because Mr. Herlihy—who is a great one for admiring women in business, and has three fine daughters who are doing him proud in various lines of work—was attracted to her by her pluck in battling along in a line which, as any steel salesman will tell you, "is no game for a woman."

She just recently got the contract for the Marshall Field office building, too. The three biggest jobs in the building history of Chicago, and Jean O'Haver Shassere, the pretty Irish widow from Terre Haute, Indiana, sold them all.

She's done pretty well for herself since the old days of telephone directories and newspaper advertising—but she still wonders how far she might have gone if she had been a man. She thinks that the fact that she is a widow helped her in a Kiplingesque sense; that is, "she travels fastest who travels alone."

She thinks that one of the factors which militate against the success of young women in selling is that they are not considering the effect of their work upon themselves, but upon some man with whom they are in love, or whom they wish to attract.

"Women can sell as well as men if they will sell more with their minds and less with their bodies," she says. "The sale is the thing; not the sex. I mean that women who sell must forget they are women, but they must not try to ape the men." In fact, if there's one thing Mrs. Shassere dislikes above all others it is a mannishly dressed woman.

"Men, as a rule, can leave their troubles and their loves at home. They have achieved, somehow, the knack of dissociating their business careers from their emotional and social lives. Women can give them a run at any time, in any field, if they will only be brave enough to do the same thing—park their love lives outside, detach themselves from their personal affairs when they are on the job. But don't carry that detachment beyond the office. After hours, be a woman for all it's worth. Love, marry, have children, nurse them. There's no reason why a business woman shouldn't do all the things that normal women like to do. Business men outside their offices do all the things that men like to do. Any idea that intelligent and resourceful girls can't do the same is just a lot of biological twaddle.

"Often, after I have spoken before some woman's organization, girls ask me in which fields of selling our sex are most apt. I say, absolutely any field—which isn't overcrowded by other women. I've often wondered why more women don't sell automobiles—or shoes—or farm machinery."

Mrs. Shassere's own pet yen, by the way, is to sell hats. You had better not let her know if you are in the market for a hat, or she'll "see" you in some hat and fetch it home and you'll have to pay. A hat on display is not just a hat to her; it is "Mrs. Preston" or "Madge Simms" or "the druggist's wife." She is the terror of her friends, for she is forever buying hats for them—without asking them about it. But that's all right, for if the hat is marked six dollars chances are she talked the milliner out of it for $1.88. You have no idea.

If she were going to start life over again, however, she'd be an architect. If there is one profession suited above all others to women, that's it, she believes, and yet it is strangely neglected by girls who are casting about for careers.

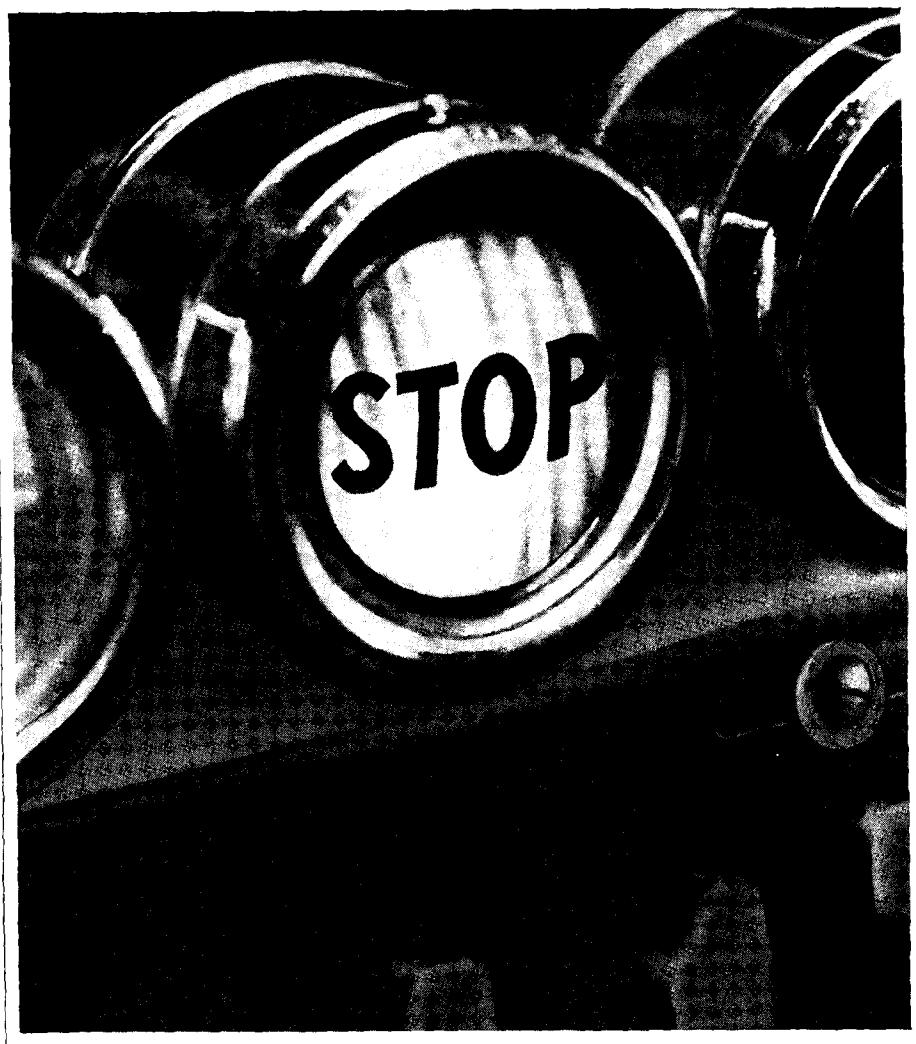
If you are a young girl, and she thinks you're smart—if she doesn't think that, you won't get any place with her—and you ask her advice, she'll talk to you about architecture. No use to tell her you know nothing, and care less, about skyscrapers and factories. She'll quickly point out that there are one thousand houses built for every factory. Houses are the very citadels of the female sex, the bowers of love and of the family, and yet it is men who design them. That's awfully silly, she thinks.

Her Secret

When she's entertaining folks from the old home town of Terre Haute, (Ter-reh Hoe-t, if you want to know the Hoosier of it; not Terre Haw-t, or even Terry Haughty) she takes them downtown to the hotel—the Palmer House, by the way. Home cooking doesn't mean a thing to them. But to have the orchestra leader come over and kiss the hand of their strikingly handsome hostess, and ask her what she and her friends would like him to play—that's life in the big city for you! That's success—even though they can't wholly shake the suspicion of the traveling auditor days that there's something immoral about it.

But when she has a date with one or two tried and true friends of her city life, she has them come to her apartment and with her own hands gets dinner. She loves to cook. Her specialty is a distracting strawberry shortcake, made with her own home-baked buttermilk biscuits.

"I can cook fried chicken like all get-out, too," she admits modestly. Maybe that's her secret—the fried chicken, I mean.



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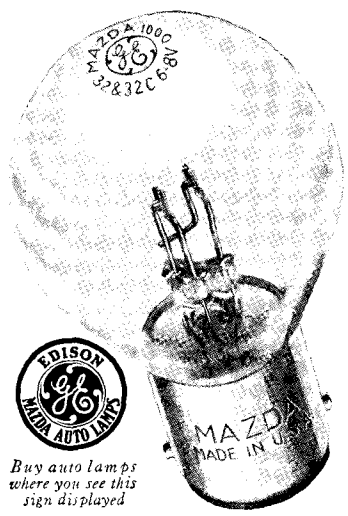

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The Great Abduction

Continued from page 13

writing an editorial. But where does the organization reach? The other day, in Chicago, the courts set free a gangster. Seven years ago, Ken, he deliberately murdered a policeman. Twice he was convicted of first-degree murder. And twice the verdict has been set aside and now he's free. And that's only one of a thousand similar cases. The courts, the prosecuting officers—even scores of private businesses—have been taken over by the racketeers. And it's about time it stopped—if government is going to endure in this country."

Meridew nodded.

"Everybody knows that, Ned. But—what's to be done about it?"

"I don't know that anything can be done—but the Leader can *try*," replied Dabney. "The trouble, Ken, is that honest police and honest detectives are known, by sight, by name, to the criminals. Investigation can't get far under those conditions. A good reporter, with plenty of time allowed him, is the man to make such an investigation. You're the best reporter the Leader has, Ken. We'll give you weeks, months, *years*, if you need them. And I don't expect miracles. But if you could produce evidence that would show the connection between crime and our local government—it would be a whale of a stunt, Ken."

"And one practically impossible. Knowledge and evidence—a man acquires the first, but the second—not so easy."

"I didn't say it was easy," said Dabney. "I said it would be a whale of a story, Ken. And more than that—if there could be any greater service rendered, not merely to the community, but to the country at large—"

"I get that," said Meridew. "But what about my daily column?"

"You're writing another book," said Dabney. "'The Leader regrets, et cetera.' Ken, think it over."

"I'm thinking it over now, Ned," said Meridew. "And the Leader—and you, Ned—no matter where I go, no matter what I turn up, the Leader's behind me?"

"I think you know the answer to that one, Ken," said Dabney quietly.

"I think I do," said Meridew. "And suppose I find out nothing that's worth anything?"

"You're still our white-haired boy," grinned Dabney. "Because you can't accomplish what we both think is practically impossible doesn't make you any the less a great commentator."

"Funds?"

"Unlimited," replied Dabney.

"I think," said Meridew slowly, "you've sold me an idea."

HE LAY awake that night for some time, his thought divided between Myrna Dale, President Brockridge and Ned Dabney, but when he awoke next morning, his mind reverted first to the publisher.

The owner of the Leader was not a hysterical man. He was, at an early age, a shining success in a profession difficult to master. Dabney was a hard-boiled, healthy, alert young man, who followed the progress of events all over the world with a keen eye. Any suggestion he cared to drop was always worthy of attention.

It was not until breakfast and the morning papers had been digested that his mind turned to Myrna Dale. He had danced with her several times last night, and found her more delightful with each passing minute. She had kept the conversation away from the rather heavy subject of the tea hour at Tilly Gentry's house, and yet she had not been flirtatious, as a carping critic might have thought her some of the time yesterday.

A delightful, entertaining and beautiful girl, and she had agreed to dine with Meridew tonight. Funny, though, how quickly she and Brockridge had hit it off.

"I'm becoming somewhat of a jackass," he told himself.

HE HAD breakfasted on his porch, in the lower half of his underwear, acquiring a tan that would rival anything obtained on the beaches. Now he reached a muscular arm for the telephone extension as the buzzer sounded.

"Hello, Kendrick Meridew," said a deep voice.

The young man grinned.

"Hello, Michael Blannard," he said, "and the top of the marnin' to yez, sir."

"Young whelp," said Blannard. "Making mock of the finest accent that ever came out of the Eighth Ward. Are you busy this morning?"

"And don't want to be," said Meridew. "With the thermometer at ninety-something, I simply want to lie here and let the breeze play on me."

"I thought you might like to lunch with an old man," said Blannard.

"That would not be business," said Meridew; "that would be an intellectual treat. When may I see you?"

"I lunch at twelve. I know, old-fashioned, but—"

"I'll be there, and thanks for the invitation," said Meridew.

He hung up, his eyes puckered with amusement. Old Michael Blannard was one of the characters of New York. He had spent thirty years on the police force and had retired, as a captain, with a fortune estimated at five millions. He made no bones, among his intimates, about having grafted on an almost imperial scale.

"I got mine," he was wont to say, "but let them try to prove it to grand juries."

Meridew's father had known old Blannard. Promptly at noon, Meridew presented himself at the little house off Sheridan Square, well downtown, where the old man lived. A withered but alert servant, who had served Blannard his meals for nearly half a century, beamed upon the caller.

"Sure, and it's yerself, Mr. Meridew. The captain is waitin' for you in the yard. And I made apple dumplin's, Mr. Meridew."

"You forget nothing, Moira," said Meridew. "May I have two?"

"Three if you like," she beamed.

She led the way along a narrow hall to where a screen door looked out upon a few square feet of greenery.

"'Tis Mr. Meridew," she called.

Old Blannard twisted in the wicker chair where he sat. He turned off the hose which, although seated, he had been playing upon the burned grass.

"Lad, it's glad I am to see you," his great voice boomed. "Moira, fetch the whisky."

"Always violating the law," smiled Meridew, shaking the gnarled hand held out to him.

"And why not? I spent most of my life enforcing it. A man ought to strike an average. That was a good column this morning, lad."

Meridew sat down in a chair beside the old man.

"Thank you. Praise from you is praise indeed."

"It ought to be: I've been watching trimmers for sixty years," chuckled the old man. "But you got more ways of saying nothing than anyone I ever read."

Meridew colored.

"Now what do you mean by that, Captain Blannard?" he asked.

"Let an old man have his joke," grinned Blannard. "At that, though, you'd do better with your feet more solid on the ground, like. There's too damn' much theory and hifalutin language in your articles. Theory and language are fine when everything's going along lovely, but in times like these facts are better. But I'm an old crank, I guess. Here's your drink."

Moira had arrived with a bottle and two glasses.

"None of your smoky Scotch," said Blannard. "Good old Bourbon, from old Kentucky. Oil your palate with that."

They drank and the old man smacked his lips.

"Your lunch is ready," said Moira.

"Give me an arm, lad," said Blannard. "My rheumatics—"

Meridew helped him to his feet, after which the old man walked unaided—and briskly—into the house and the dining-room. Loudly, until the simple meal was ended, he delivered a monologue on the subject—after politics—closest to his heart, sport. The Giants, the Yankees, how good Man o' War really was, and what Sullivan would have done to any modern heavyweight. As they drank coffee out in the little back yard, he apologized for his loquacity.

"Always was gabby," he said. "Here I haven't seen you in months, and I run on like a radio about things of no interest. But that's the way with us when we get old, I guess. We want a pair of eager ears— If I've bored you, run along, son. You've done your duty by an old friend."

"And the duty is a pleasure," said Meridew. "And you can't get rid of me for an hour, Captain."

"Sure, you know you're achin' to run out to Long Island and get some golf and a swim—how did you like President Brockridge yesterday?"

"HOW did you know I met him?" asked Meridew.

"I read every line in the Leader, including the society chat," grinned Blannard. "I saw your name there. Mrs. Gentry's tea. Well, you talked with him, eh? And how did the young lady like him?"

Meridew stared at him.

"You didn't read that in the Leader, Captain," he gasped. "How do you do it—with mirrors?"

"Oh, I got friends," grinned the old man. "Friends that know I'm pretty crippled with rheumatics and can't get about much. And they drop in and tell me things. I could tell you the lady's name—Miss Myrna Dale."

"And I suppose you know what she said to me and I said to her," said Meridew.

The captain laughed.

"Not quite that. But I know that Brockridge motored her into town, and I could tell a bit of what she said to *him*, and vice versa. Carrigan, one of his secret service men, is the son of an old friend of mine. His father and I were rookies together on the force. He had the night off and came down to drink a little Bourbon with me. And he gossiped, like everyone does. He's worried about Brockridge."

"Worried? The President looked in the pink yesterday," said Meridew.

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"Oh, his health's all right. But he's like no other President in recent years. He hates a bodyguard. And he dodges them whenever he can. He likes, when he's in New York, to take strolls by himself. Like that old Chinaman or whatever he was—you know, the Caliph—"

"I know," smiled Meridew. "And it worries your friend Carrigan?"

"Why wouldn't it? If anything happened to the President—if he even sprained his ankle while he was alone—Carrigan would catch hell from the whole country. And so would the other lads. Oh, well, praise be, nothing will happen to him. He's a man, Carrigan says. A real, regular, two-fisted, upstanding man."

"He impressed me that way," said Meridew.

"THE young lady liked him, too," said Blannard slyly. "Or so my friend Carrigan seemed to think. Myrna Dale. Daughter of that old blayguard, Simeon Dale."

"Was he? President Brockridge seemed not to think so," said Meridew.

"Well, I suppose not," conceded Blannard reluctantly. "He died bravely enough, I guess. Anyway, he's dead, so let him rest. But he was for prohibition, and it's hard for me to forgive any man that helped bring the blight of gangsters and racketeers on the country. Lad, I wish I were thirty years young and a cop again. I'd club the scoundrels to death."

"You think that's the way to handle them?" asked Meridew.

The grizzled old giant shrugged.

"W-ell, maybe not; maybe they've got beyond that. But at the start—that was the way. But now—if you slug them around, you're up on charges—they own too many politicians. I dunno what I'd do, after all, if I were back on the force now. We didn't face them kind in my day. Just tough lads, not these smooth racketeers with high-priced lawyers—well, they'll run the country wide open some day."

"You think so?"

"Of course I do. The gangsters didn't have money in my day. But now—with millions back of them—why won't they? But the men back of the racketeers, the big politicians—they're the ones to get."

"And how are you going to get the big politicians?" asked Meridew.

"Oh, now, ask me something easy," said Blannard. "And I've bored you enough, lad. You didn't come down to hear me talk about racketeers."

"Maybe I didn't," said Meridew. "But now that I'm here, I'm glad you're on the subject. Maybe you can help me, Captain?"

"I'd be glad, to," said the old man.

"Ned Dabney, of the Leader, feels the way you do," said Meridew. "In fact—" He hesitated and eyed the ex-policeman. He would rather have had no confidants, but—if Blannard couldn't be trusted, who could? "The fact is," he went on, "Ned wants me to make an investigation. He wants me to dive right into the bottom of the crime situation and see what I can bring up."

"If you *come* up," said Blannard.

Meridew shrugged.

"I hadn't thought about that, although I suppose I would have in time. And I like the idea. It's not only a big story, but—it's a big thing to do."

"Nothing bigger, to my way of thinking," agreed Blannard.

"But the question is—how to go about it? How to start?"

Blannard's keen old eyes searched the young man's countenance.

"You're dead serious?"

"Couldn't be more so," replied Meridew.

"And you don't know how to get going?"

Meridew nodded.

"Couldn't be simpler," said Blannard. "You just turn racketeer. You're smart. That would be discovered in no time. You'd go shooting right up to the top—"

Meridew laughed.

"It's certainly gratifying to meet a man who understands and appreciates my true talents," he said. "But—how does one turn racketeer, Captain?"

Blannard grinned.

"Well, in the old days, it was part of my job to keep in touch with the lads. And old habits are hard to outgrow. I know a lot of the newcomers. They see to it that I get the real thing when I want some Bourbon. Take Jim Cattrone, for example. Ever hear of him?"

Meridew shook his head.

"A bad boy," said Blannard. "If I should give you a note to him—no, a phone would be better. If I phoned him and said—well, that a young lad I knew had got himself into a little bit of trouble and wanted to lie low and pick himself up a little dough at the same time—you might be stepping into a peck of trouble, lad."

"That's all right," said Meridew shortly.

"I wouldn't be able to help you," said Blannard. "As a matter of fact, if Cattrone knew I was steering Kendrick Meridew onto him—of course, I don't feel I'm double-crossing him. I don't think you *can* double-cross a rat. But he might think so and—you'll be on your own, lad."

"Okay with me, Captain," said Meridew.

"What a tale for the Leader if you get away with it!" exclaimed Blannard. "Bigger than the Tweed Ring story—bigger than any exposure—and me helping you. Wait until I phone Cattrone."

Of course, it was all too silly. It was the blindest shot in the dark that Meridew had ever essayed. To think that he could step into the underworld, climb to a high place, win the confidence of its leaders—but everything has to have *some* beginning. So he called on Jim Cattrone.

His straw hat exchanged for a cloth cap—this was his only disguise—he stood before the racketeer in the back room of a frank saloon on West Twenty-third Street.

"So you're Pat McGrath, eh?" said Cattrone.

Meridew twisted his cap in his hands.

"Yeah," he said.

"And what's your trouble?" asked Cattrone.

MERIDEW glared at the swarthy Italo-American.

"What the hell do you care?" he demanded. "Either you got a job for me or you haven't. Mike Blannard says you have—"

"Keep your shirt on," snapped Cattrone. "I don't care what you done."

"Then don't ask me," said Meridew. "I just want a chance to lie low and earn some jack."

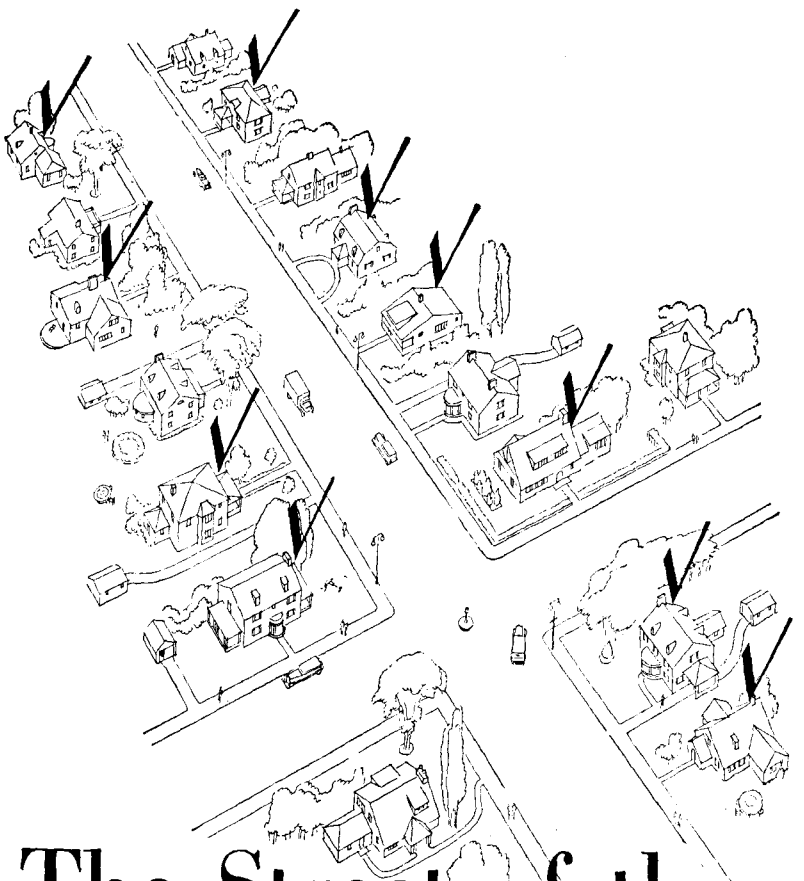
Cattrone scribbled on a card. He handed it to Meridew.

"See Bramer," he said. "If old Mike says you're oke, you're oke. Well, what you waitin' for? I'm a busy man. Scram."

Meridew grumbled a surly thanks and turned away. As he went toward the swinging doors that led into the saloon, they opened. He was so close that one of the doors shielded him from the observation of the person who entered. But it did not shield that person from his recognition. He walked through the outer door and into the street.

What was Myrna Dale doing in the back room of a West Twenty-third Street saloon? What possible business had she with Jim Cattrone?

(To be continued next week)



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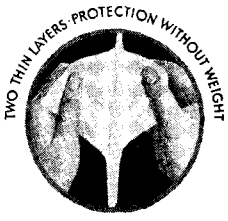

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Ask your druggist for a free sample, or send 10c for a generous guest-size tube to E. R. Squibb & Sons, Squibb Building, New York.

SQUIBB
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The Professional Touch

Continued from page 17

"Now, for this game let everybody block for everybody else."

The boys cheered—barring the lad for whom the dig was intended. But he was intelligent enough to get the point. He did more blocking and less ball-carrying during that game, and teamwork benefited.

Hitting the Stars

In professional football the same principle operates with perhaps a different motive. When Red Grange capped a sensational college football career by turning pro under the guidance of C. C. Pyle, football followers were surprised that his performance as a professional was markedly inferior to his exploits on college gridirons. The reason was simple. Running the ball for Illinois he had sturdy chaps like Britton and Green to take out opponents trying to block his path. They were just as much fired with zeal for Illinois as Grange was. Professional players are a little more hard-boiled or practical. It was too much to ask, in view of human cupidity, that young men getting from $75 to $125 a game should consistently clear a path at the expense of jolts and bruises to give Grange—making ten or twenty times as much per game, an easy road to glory. The boys in the pro ranks have a hard but understandable rule that stars who get more than their share of ballyhoo should take their share of bruises.

Grange and other outstanding amateur stars who turned professional came to realize this. I recall attending a professional football game with the late Knute Rockne. A greatly publicized college star was playing. I had never seen him play before, and Rockne observed how eagerly I followed the play.

"I want to see what that boy does when he carries the ball," I told Rockne.

With a twist of his inevitable cigar Rock replied:

"I want to see what he does when he doesn't carry it."

Sure enough, when this man got the ball for a run he was the center of action. When he didn't carry it he had a trick of fading out in scrimmage. You just couldn't see him anywhere until the ball was downed and it came again his turn to carry. In a subsequent game that same player was different, and better. A few tough games, wherein his team-mates didn't block out a road for him through the line as readily as he had been accustomed to in college games, taught him that he was expected to do for others what he expected them to do for him. He became a less conspicuous but a more useful player for his team.

It's charged that there's a mercenary atmosphere in pro football which actuates the ordinary pro player to hold back in sacrificing himself for the star if the star is unwilling to take his share of the knocks. Perhaps it is mercenary; but it isn't mean. In the pro teams I've been associated with—the Detroit Wolverines, the Cleveland Bulldogs and the New York Giants—the boys have played as a contented unit because the publicity players bore their brunt of each battle. In baseball—which is hardly a parallel, because it doesn't rate as a contact sport, how far would a player like Babe Ruth get with his team-mates if he satisfied himself with hitting home runs and lay down on sacrifice hits to let the other base-runners score?

Boys entering the pro ranks have been too greatly favored by college coaches. That's why they are quickly brought down to team level when the spirit of alma mater is transformed to the job of winning games to win gates. Anyhow, since mercenariness has been mentioned, let us consider it. Are college schedules generally worked out for sentiment or for profitable games? Look them over, check—if you have the time—gate receipts for different games, and observe how rarely a consistently profitable match is dropped from any school's schedule in place of an unknown quantity.

And with the coaches themselves it's a long time since I heard of one sticking to a job for sentiment if he had a more profitable opportunity somewhere else. It must be remembered, too, that most of the successful coaches of our generation, from Rockne to Yost, played football for money before they became coaches. Indeed, to be outstandingly successful as a coach, experience as a professional seems to be necessary. In comparative skill good college players are like good internes, good professional players like good doctors.

When I was first asked, while finishing my senior year at Michigan, to turn professional—and practically all star players, and especially All-America men, receive competing bids—the prospect wasn't alluring, although the money was. Pro football had a rough-and-ready atmosphere about it—more rough than ready. In early days I believed it was a bit boisterous; but I've found it in actual play no rougher than the college game. Both games suffer from the occasional player with a mean streak—the bully of boyhood who knows his physical superiority and takes sadistic pleasure in displaying it.

On a team opposed to Michigan there was one of these lads—a powerful guard who was never careful where he put his cleats—or his fists. He distributed more bruises than the game according to Hoyle called for, until, a year after we first went up against this one-man tornado, we came up against him again. A muddy, slippery field gave his inferiors in weight and strength more of an even break. When he staggered and slid and fell in the mud it was easy to demonstrate that our cleats fitted into his face just as neatly as his had fitted into other faces.

The Fleckenstein Formula

Early in pro football I ran into a similar case. Fleckenstein of Iowa, a big, tough 225-pound guard, played for the Chicago Bears, and when you ran into him you quickly realized that his idea of play was loser take all—on the chin. The Cleveland Bulldogs were about unanimous after one meeting with Mr. Fleckenstein that he was a specialist at infighting during scrimmages. As a committee of one I warned him about this before our return match. But Fleckenstein went on impartially pasting the boys when inspiration seized him. It just isn't part of the code to call the attention of officials to a rough gent who's discreet enough to slug under cover. We told Fleckenstein to his face. His reply was instant—sock upon sock. At the end of the game somebody said something impolite to Fleckenstein. Fleckenstein socked the somebody on the jaw and ran for the clubhouse with the Bulldogs in pursuit. A cordon of cops stopped them from reaching him.

We made up our minds that if ever we met Mr. Fleckenstein in action again, we'd find out if he could take it as well as give it. When he was traded from Chicago, it seemed as if we'd miss this opportunity until one bright winter afternoon we lined up against Portsmouth, Ohio, to find Mr. Fleckenstein, grim and husky as ever, in the opposing line.

"No rough stuff in this game, Fleck," I warned him.

His reply was "Oh, yeah?" or something equally pertinent.

The whistle blew and Mr. Fleckenstein came out of his corner. Again we experienced the familiar rise in the sock market. We were ready. On getting possession of the ball we let routine play rest for a while for more serious business. At the snap-back the center charged Fleckenstein, I did likewise. He was laid out. While his team-mates piled on our ball carrier, the remainder of our boys tramped over Mr. Fleckenstein's prostrate form. He arose damaged, but still determined. On the very next play somebody reported a sock from Mr. Fleckenstein.

We huddled.

"What'll we do now?" asked Heim, our center.

"Same play as before," I called.

Hazards Aren't Necessary

The ball snapped, we charged, down went Fleckenstein, and the parade over his frame was repeated.

He troubled us no more with rough stuff. A season later he played against us.

"How about it this time, Fleck?" I asked him, "Rough or refined?"

"A nice, sociable game," said Fleck, good-naturedly.

Speaking from personal encounters—and a man always knows best what he's been through himself—I've suffered more banging in college games than in professional games. Cynical observers have said, because the doctors are less needed in pro games, that pro gridders don't play the game with the spirit of college men. True, there never has been a fatal injury in pro football as contrasted, for instance, with the many deaths in school football last season. I wouldn't hold that against the professional game.

The hazards are not great unless—and this happens in too many cases—coaches are careless in sending physically inferior boys into action against their physical superiors. This can't happen in professional football because the players there are all seasoned veterans and our rules ban bone-crushing mass plays.

If there was no physical risk the game would have no zest for the spectators or the players, and without zest there can be no sport, and sport is the common denominator of both pro and college football.

When we at Michigan greatly outmatched an opponent we always tried to even things up by sending in second and third and fourth string men. The great Rockne would always contrive what he called a "nip and tuck" score when Notre Dame obviously outclassed the enemy.

He intimated he would like that kind of arrangement with me when we played the famous charity game between the New York Football Giants and the Notre Dame All Stars. He came to me in the dressing-room and said:

"Benny, let's make the periods ten minutes instead of fifteen."

I knew the smart Rockne had something up his sleeve.

"That can't be done, Rock," I stalled. "Look, there are fifty thousand people out there. They've paid their money to see your old Four Horsemen play a full game."

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"Well," and Rock shrugged his shoulders characteristically, "we'll have to make it ten-minute periods. I've got a bunch of old men out there. Why, Rip Miller just pulled a tendon walking from a cab."

We made the periods twelve and a half minutes, played our second team the second half and gave Rockne's "old men" a gallantly resisted trouncing. The Four Horsemen had become a trifle spavined with the years, and their incomparable line had grown to be a case of the spirit is willing but the flesh is weak.

Adam Walsh at center, Hunk Anderson at guard and Rip Miller at tackle found themselves confronted by sturdy youngsters like Waesterpohl, weighing 210 pounds, at center, Caywood, 230 pounds, at guard, and Leonard Grant, also 230 pounds, at tackle.

Second-Class Pro vs. First-Class Varsity

These three huskies would have taken toll of any current opposing line, to say nothing of veterans who had been out of active competition for several seasons.

My strategy was to keep my eye on the Notre Dame line and see if I could outguess them. I observed that when yardage was against us they always got set for a pass play. Anderson would say to Miller:

"Rip, I'm dropping back to secondary defense."

He'd drop back. I'd fool them and, instead of passing, cut back and send my trio of behemoths charging at Miller.

Rip stood this for two or three plays. Then, when percentage was against us, I watched for Anderson to make his maneuver of dropping out and back. Rip stood rubbing his bruises when Anderson again said:

"A pass coming, Rip. I'll drop back."

Rip looked over my three young linesmen ready to spill him and retorted:

"I'm dropping back, too, for this one."

The result was a twenty-two yard run and a touchdown.

After the game Adam Walsh buttonholed me and asked:

"Where did you steal our signals?"

"What do you mean, steal?" I said.

"Why, every time we called a pass you knew all about it. How'd you hook our signals?"

"That was easy," I said. "I figured your percentage play on passing to gain ground, and guessed that right. Besides, when the old boys would buckle their belts to get up wind for a run it wasn't hard to guess that an overhead effort was coming."

Adam went away, shaking his head doubtfully. He still thinks I had some emissary swipe his signals.

That game between amateur and professional footballers was a forerunner, I think, of contests similar to a baseball world series or an Open golf championship. Rockne himself was authority for the statement that pro football teaches men more than they can learn at college. I've seen it work.

Some of the brightest college stars knew all about the game until they tried the pro brand; then they found there were still fundamentals to learn besides the primer line that first downs don't count but touchdowns do. Chris Cagle of Army came into pro football with a tremendous reputation as carrier, tackler, blocker and passer. But he didn't know how to fall, how to hit the ground with minimum injury to himself. The same with Plansky of Georgetown, one of our greatest living all-around athletes. He could box and wrestle, play football magnificently, he actually won the American decathlon one year and could shoot a tough golf course in 72. But he didn't know how to fall on a football field. The pros soon taught him.

As played by pros the game is more expert; it could hardly help being so. There are drawbacks to the pro game which attach to all commercialism. The practice of night games in the Middle West is deplorable and unhealthy. You can't play normal football in abnormal circumstances. Even perspiration won't evaporate naturally in the night air. It clings and makes you heavy and uncomfortable.

Between the two divisions of the sport, frankly, I like the pro game best. We play surer football because we know more. A second-class pro team, in my opinion, can take an average first-class college team any day in the week.

On the average the pro player is alert and intelligent when not bright. He keeps in training because it's a hard grind with daily practice and sometimes two grueling games a week. You have men like Paddy Driscoll of Chicago, the other side of thirty-five and tackling, blocking and running with the youngest and hardest of them. That spells condition.

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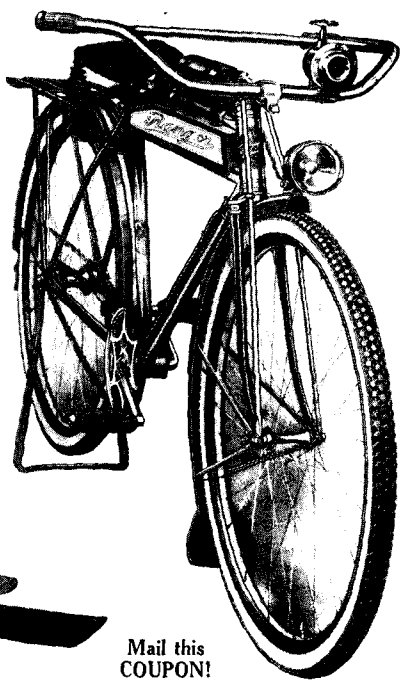

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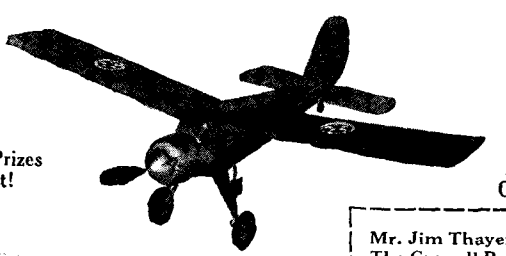

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Murder for Defense

Continued from page 11

other words, they are not fired until the enemy gives the signal by appearing within range. If the enemy doesn't want them to be fired, all he has to do is to stay away from them. They can't chase him, but they hold him at stalemate.

Large mobile guns, which are, by the way, constantly growing larger, may be moved from place to place and may be directed, by a commander in a desperate plight, against cities. Such guns, when they are used out along the battle front, are purely selective. But used against a city, even though the commander may say he is using them defensively, they most assuredly are not selective.

Tanks are another thing we'd like to drop. We have a lot of them, but we'd be willing to give them up, if the rest would. If we'd drop the tanks—which are deadly killers against infantry—the soldier would be strengthened. War would be more of a man-to-man affair. But we can't make it, this time. We're trying to hold tanks down to twenty tons in weight. Why? Well, because it would be possible to develop them into tremendously expensive, huge, land-going battleships, which would not be selective in any sense of the word.

The Scorpion of the Sea

Whatever tool any nation declines to surrender, the rest of the nations must keep.

We now go out onto the water. The submarine! There's the monster of all nonselective weapons. I went to Navy experts for information concerning it.

In warfare one of the supreme duties of a navy is to prevent supplies going by sea to the enemy. A battleship or a cruiser, stopping a merchantman for search and possible seizure, can do so safely, with little risk to itself and without danger of causing injury to the merchant ship's passengers or crew.

But this scorpion of the sea, the submarine, is in itself too vulnerable to take any risk. The submarine must destroy in order to keep alive itself. It dare not go near the enemy. It cannot coolly search and, perhaps, seize. It must use its torpedoes, without question, to sink merchantmen. There's no other way. It's a hair-trigger killer.

President Hoover suggested to the world, last June, that submarine tonnage of all nations be cut one fourth and that no nation have more than thirty-five thousand tons of submarines.

Well, what will the world do with that suggestion?

Again, we come up against a question that no one has yet been able to crack. Let's illustrate it with little Finland. She's just as outspoken about submarines as Argentina is about bombardment planes.

"We've got only one important harbor," says Finland; "that of Helsingfors. We don't spend any money to buy cruisers or battleships. All we want to do is to protect the harbor of Helsingfors and keep other navies out of there when we so desire. We'll tell all the world that we're going to do this with submarines. It's no secret. We don't intend to send out our submarines to hurt anyone, and the only way to start them into action will be for some enemy navy to try to approach our waterways."

Finland, we note, is not a bloodthirsty nation seeking empire. She doesn't intend to use her submarines to drown passengers on ocean liners. The chances of her ever sallying forth to menace the world with submarines are at zero. She wants the submarines for *defense*.

And just so long as Finland has submarines, the rest of the nations will hang on to them as a war tool and will hesitate to reduce them in number.

Result: That puts the submarine in the hands of nations that will be tempted to use it, not in actual defense, but in offense. And that's where the women and children come in—and sink.

"What's offense?" That's a fair question. All right. Try to answer it, as the army and navy men of the world do, by asking this one: "What's defense?"

It's a thousand-to-one bet that last winter, while the Japanese were shelling Chapei, a real estate development of Shanghai, you could have found Japanese officers who would have said, "This is merely a defensive movement. We're protecting our country from these Chinese."

A diabolical change comes over certain weapons as soon as they are used for offensive instead of defensive purposes. Weapons which choose between soldiers and civilians when used in defense become nonselective and all-killing when used offensively.

If you land in a nest of English army men, or French army men, or army men of any nation for that matter, they will helplessly tell you, as they tell one another: "The best defense is an offense. Get at the other fellow before he gets at you."

This is good, sound army or navy talk. It's just what a fighting man should say. But following this doctrine, any nation may safely start a war at any time and poison a cityful of people to "defend" itself.

How shall civilization hold back the soldier whom it expects, in time of war, to go the limit in violence, even to the killing of women and children if he must, to save his country?

The United States has just answered this question for the world.

It's this:

We must keep out of the soldier's hands—whether on the sea or land—all weapons which tempt him to go too far, the scorpion weapons that may be used to strike, generally, at everything that is not lucky enough to get out of their way.

Hope for the Future

It is useless to make laws against the improper use of such weapons. There *is* no such thing as their improper use. The fact is that they themselves are improper as war tools. They have only one use and that is, laws or no laws, rules or no rules, to carry complete destruction.

"Talking in terms of pocketbooks," said Secretary of War Patrick J. Hurley, "President Hoover's suggestions, if followed, would save the nations ten billion dollars in the next ten years."

The nations meet again in Geneva next year, to attempt definite action. The deal's not closed yet. It isn't *offensives* we have to stop; it's defensives that make all the trouble.

Somehow or other, if we really do want disarmament, we must make nations feel safe from one another; we must make defense unnecessary.

"The nations have decided to establish a commission," says Senator Claude Swanson, American member of the disarmament conference, "which will attempt to carry out the resolutions against the use of gas and certain other implements of war. It has taken the world five years to get this far toward disarmament, but it has not ceased its march toward that end."

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Police in the House

Continued from page 26

there. There was enough ashes on top of the coals to show it had been a shirt, and what reason would there be for burning a shirt except that there was blood on it? I set a couple of men at the laundress and found out that it was Walter Barron's shirt."

Walter had turned to her quickly. "I didn't know you burned it, El!"

"Till then I'd just been suspecting," said Moran, "that you might be in love with one of the men in this house but engaged to the other one; but what you done then cinched it."

"But you're making a mistake about Owen," she insisted. "I know you are. He wouldn't have killed Uncle Albert; he was fond of him."

"THAT might be, too," Moran admitted, "but still he done it. Miss Parkin, this morning I and you just pretended to reconstruct this crime here, so I could see what you had to say about it; now we'll really reconstruct it: Mr. Albert Barron come down here about midnight last night and looked over the new will he was making; and it was a mighty important will to several people and one of 'em was LaPlace. He'd worked himself into a soft spot in this household. He was going to marry the girl the old man treated like a daughter and when he did that he'd get a lot of jack. Then Walter come home, and that made a lot of difference. It made the old gentleman make out this new will that he was going to sign, and it made you feel different. You might have married LaPlace if Walter had stayed away, but would you with Walter in the same house with you?"

She was watching him fixedly. "No," she said under her breath, "I know now I wouldn't."

"LaPlace saw that coming. He was slipping, losing everything, and he was ready to go even as far as murder to prevent it, but not murder he himself would seem to have a hand in. You can get one done in this or any other big city for a fifty-dollar bill. This afternoon, when we knew what to look for, some of my boys looked up who LaPlace had been in touch with and pinched the guy that agreed to do the murder for him—his name's Jerome Ambrosio—and found a key to the side door on him that Ambrosio hadn't thrown away. Ambrosio had agreed to do the job so that LaPlace never would be suspected of it. He'd make it look like it was done by a burglar. LaPlace was afraid to furnish him a key to the house because it might be traced; but he took an imprint of the one that hung in the kitchen and Ambrosio had one made like it. We've found the locksmith. Some night when Walter was out, Ambrosio would sneak into the house—"

"When Walter was out?" she asked, bewildered.

"Yes, certainly. They didn't ever mean to murder the old gentleman. It was known that, last night, Walter was going to that college dinner, and LaPlace passed the word to Ambrosio. They figured Walter would be coming in about one o'clock. LaPlace wanted someone with him as a witness that he had nothing to do with it, so he went up and got Pepper to play chess with him. They were on the third floor and they didn't tell either of 'em know that the old gentleman had gone downstairs. About the same time Ambrosio was letting himself into the basement; he didn't know it either. I got an idea Ambrosio broke the door lock when he first come in; he couldn't fix the silver, though, till after the murder for fear somebody might see it and start an alarm. He waited in the basement, and a little before one he heard the front door close."

"I don't understand," Elinor interrupted.

"You're forgetting about the check to Mrs. McLare. Mr. Barron remembered that he hadn't sent it to her. All the other checks he sent her are dated the last day of the month so she'd get 'em on the first; and if he waited for someone to mail it in the morning she might not get it till the second. He put on his hat and went out and mailed it. Ambrosio heard the door close and ran upstairs, thinking he was too late. There was nobody there, and he hid himself in the parlor and waited. Then he heard Mr. Albert Barron coming back in. Mr. Barron is built a lot like Walter, and the cop on the post, who got to the corner just as he was coming in, thought it was Walter. Ambrosio, who didn't know either of them, thought that, too. In the dark hall Mr. Barron looked a whole lot like his son.

"Ambrosio shot twice; one bullet hit and the other went into the reception-room wall. Then Ambrosio saw he'd killed the wrong man. Anyone who looked down from the top of the stairs because of the shots would see the body there; so Ambrosio grabbed him and dragged him through the parlor to the office door. He switched off the office light and went and fixed the silver quick as he could and then got out. There ain't any blood spots in the hall, so I guess the hat caught it all."

"Yes," said Walter. "The hat?"

"Well, Mr. Barron, if you was dragging someone out of the hall quick as you could for fear he might be seen, and his hat fell off, you'd kick the hat down the hall out of sight, wouldn't you? It was just luck it landed at the closet door. That's the way I figured it after we found the hat. Then you came in, and when you hung up the hat you got blood on your shirt front and your hand off of it, but in the dark hall you didn't notice it."

"It must have been that way," Walter agreed. "I thought, when I found it, that I must have got it in the park, but I found I hadn't hurt myself."

"So you put the shirt down the clothes chute and washed your hands; and this morning when you found out what had happened you didn't tell about it because you couldn't understand it, and the blood, even though you were innocent, might convict you. Well, we can't put the shirt in evidence because Miss Parkin thought it might convict you, too. I guess LaPlace moved the picture so as to hide the bullet hole in the reception-room wall, after he found the old gentleman was supposed to have been shot in the office. It was a little safer for LaPlace if we thought that."

ELINOR had taken Walter's hand; she held it tight. They were both pale. Everything that had been told was very dreadful, but there was happiness in it for them, too.

Moran went to the door to see if the commissioner had arrived.

"It's too bad," he said, "that the old gentleman left nearly all he had to charity. It might be you two could break that will, or maybe you wouldn't want to try it. I'll say this for you: I never seen two people so much in love since I and my wife got married, when I got my job as a rookie cop."

He was trying to look pleasant, but habit was too much for him; his face had no expression.

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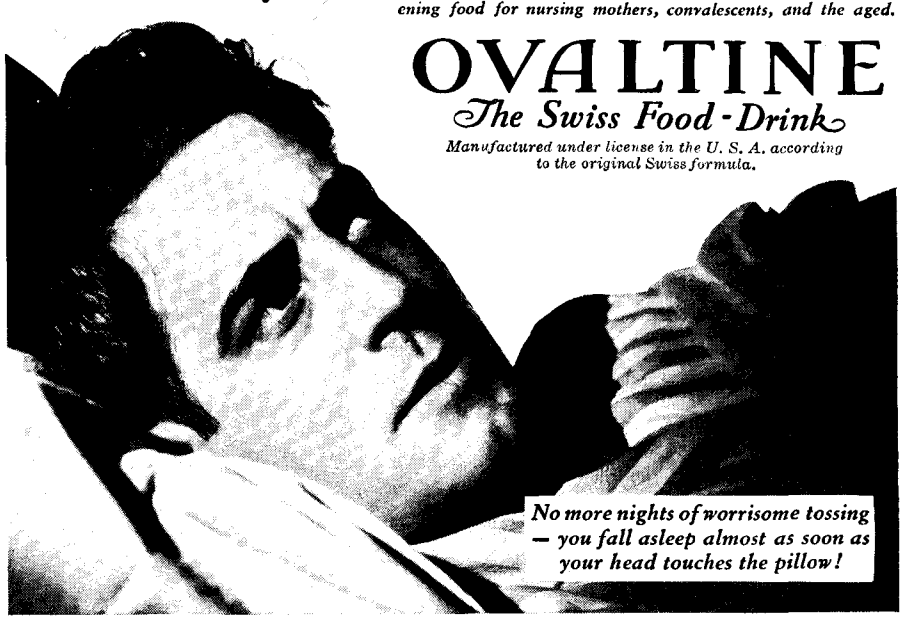
From tonight on—make sleeplessness a thing of the past. Get acquainted with Ovaltine. See for yourself what extra daytime energy can be yours.

As you continue to take Ovaltine, note how it restores your natural tendency to sleep soundly *every* night. Observe how much greater your resistance to fatigue—how vitality multiplies.

'Phone your druggist or grocer for a tin of Ovaltine tonight. Try it and *see for yourself* how quickly and restfully you sleep—how much better you feel tomorrow! 926

NOTE: *Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. During the World War, medical authorities made it a standard ration for invalid, nerve-shattered soldiers. It is also highly recommended by physicians for nervous, underweight children—and as a strengthening food for nursing mothers, convalescents, and the aged.*



No more nights of worrisome tossing — you fall asleep almost as soon as your head touches the pillow!

OVALTINE
The Swiss Food-Drink

Manufactured under license in the U. S. A. according to the original Swiss formula.

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Collier's

THOMAS H. BECK, *Editorial Director* WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Editor* CHARLES COLEBAUGH, *Managing Editor*

The Man Who was Yesterday

THE rise and fall of Jimmie Walker is a story which Americans everywhere can profitably consider for a long time to come. For New York's jaunty ex-mayor is history now and history of a sort which inevitably will be used to point many a moral and adorn many a tale.

Because it is biggest and richest and most conglomerate in its population New York has long seemed alien to many Americans. Actually, apart from size and complexity, New York is precisely like all America. The human mixture is essentially the same. New York's sins and weaknesses are thoroughly American. You can find the counterpart of Tammany wherever you travel in the United States.

Yet because of its very magnitude New York has always appeared glamorous and wicked. Everything, even mistakes, weaknesses and betrayals, has been presented on so vast a stage as to seem unique. Tammany, since the days of Boss Tweed and before, has been the very synonym for corrupt and cynical political power. It did not matter that the venality of President Grant's Cabinet was quite as shocking as were the thieveries of the contemporary Tweed outfit. It has not mattered that Philadelphia, Chicago, San Francisco, Memphis, not to mention more, have been governed by organizations certainly as bad as anything New York could breed. Tammany became the permanent symbol of political weakness and wrong and as such it stands today in the minds of millions.

James J. Walker was the flower of all that was wrong in Tammany. Of course, honorable, capable citizens are members of the same organization. Not least conspicuous of them is Alfred E. Smith, four times governor of New York and the 1928 Democratic candidate for the Presidency. But in later years Walker and not Smith became the leader and idol of Tammany and Walker's follies were Tammany's.

In his own fashion James J. Walker was a reflection of post-war conditions in the United States, just as in their fashion Fall and his cynical associates of the Harding era mirrored one of our worst moods.

New York's mayor was the harvest of the easy-money, pleasure-seeking years which ended with the great depression. Walker is witty, tactful, agreeable, a sparkling guest, a decoration to any speaker's table, a daring playboy and withal a very brilliant debater, able on short notice to present any cause fluently if not convincingly.

His facility was so great that his neglect of work seemed almost irrelevant. He took his pleasures where he found them and was not ashamed. Finally he became more than a mayor; he was a figure of the imagination. He had the audacity to do what lesser men liked to imagine themselves doing. So even his dissipations made him glamorous.

He was very satisfactory to Tammany. A complacent and negligent executive makes many things possible. Jimmie could be playboy while others looked after business. Consequently, when the light of a legislative inquiry began to be focussed on the shadows of Mayor Walker's career, Tammany shrieked in rage and fury.

Relentlessly the inquiry went on and James J. Walker admitted the receipt of huge gifts of money from friends. It was not proved that these gifts were anything more than personal beneficences. Still a self-respecting city prefers not to have its mayor supported by the charity of his friends and, after all, the salary of the mayor of New York is not small.

Not even an agile debater can explain the inexplicable, and as the facts brought out began to close every door of escape Jimmie took refuge in resignation, threatening to make his appeal, from a decision Governor Roosevelt had not rendered, to the people on election day.

It does not matter to what court James J. Walker makes his appeal. The facts finished him. His way of living went out of style in 1929. Irresponsible spending lacks popular appeal in hard times. Shadowy financial transactions are poor campaign arguments. Not even the redoubtable Tammany can save a man whose weaknesses and sins have been thoroughly exposed.

Before Jimmie Walker removed himself he seemed impregnable. Tammany's power was so great and Walker's popularity was so widespread that he appeared entirely safe. He was secure from any threat except his record. He failed utterly to realize the truth that a public office is a public trust. That damned him.

It never pays to underrate the character or the intelligence of the American people. At certain times much will be tolerated and much forgiven but the man who by his actions reveals contempt for the essential decency and good sense of his fellow citizens is doomed to disaster.

James J. Walker, with all his sparkling gayety and easy brilliance, could not stand against the record he created. Helpless as we sometimes appear in this complicated government of ours, we have power enough, once aroused, to reach those who have offended. This is Jimmie Walker's unspoken message to history.

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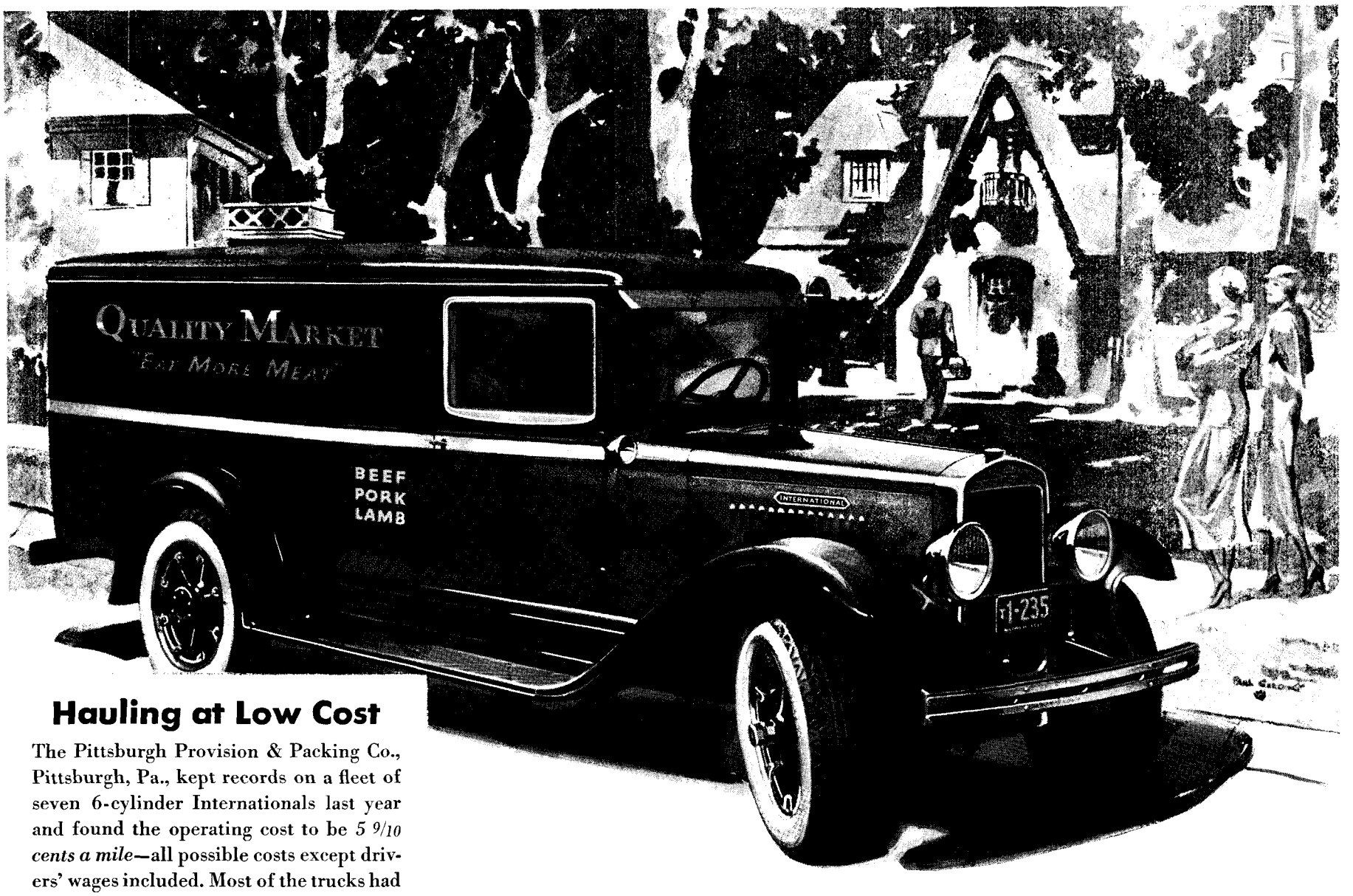
THE UNIVERSAL FOOD

International Trucks Serve the Public Through Serving the Meat Industry



Hauling at Low Cost

The Pittsburgh Provision & Packing Co., Pittsburgh, Pa., kept records on a fleet of seven 6-cylinder Internationals last year and found the operating cost to be *5 9/10 cents a mile*—all possible costs except drivers' wages included. Most of the trucks had traveled between 30,000 and 40,000 miles before the analysis was made. Complete details on request.

Most of the trucks in the Pittsburgh Provision & Packing Co. fleet are International A-2's. The model A-2 now sells for

for 136-in. wheelbase chassis
f.o.b. factory (taxes extra)

Other International sizes ¾-ton to 7½-ton. Ask for demonstration. Call a branch or dealer, or write us.

INTERNATIONAL

★Livestock and livestock products provide over 50 per cent of the total annual income of the American farmer.

★★Official figure for 1930, latest available. This valuation was exceeded only once, in 1919, under wartime conditions.

★★★In the 16 major markets during 1931 the *trucked* receipts equaled over 302,000 cars of livestock.

THE mind is staggered by the facts and figures that sum up the vastness of the meat industry. The world awaits breathlessly, as well it may, for signs of improvement to come into the price levels of the hog and cattle markets. For here is a basic commodity that means prosperity to Agriculture★ and to industry.

MEAT—giant among food industries—competes with the automotive industry for first place in the field of Manufacture. An average of 115 million head of livestock are produced each year to provide the larders of the land with health-and-energy-building meats. Seventeen billion pounds of meat are marketed annually with a total value reaching to $3,500,000,000.★★

A wonderful industry for trucks—a demanding industry for truck service—a popular field for Internationals! In every branch of this industry, so closely linked with Agriculture, there is a practical preference for International transportation. From the farms to the great central markets,★★★ from packinghouses to wholesalers and retailers and thence to *you*, meat products go economically in International Trucks.

International Harvester is proud of the reputation established by many thousands of International Trucks serving the public through serving the meat industry.

These Trucks do as good a job in every line of business—and at the same low costs. If you have loads to haul, find out what International Trucks can do for you.

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Soft Foods . . . NO WONDER

YOUR GUMS ARE LAZY AND TENDER!

IF you eat expensive foods, your gums suffer. And they suffer just as surely if you dine at home on simple fare. For whether they are prepared by a French chef or yourself—modern foods are too soft and creamy to stimulate your gums.

Inactive gums become flabby-walled and touchy. Sooner or later you find "pink" on your tooth brush.

You know, of course, that "pink tooth brush" tends to dull the teeth. Do you realize that it may lead to such serious gum troubles as gingivitis, Vincent's disease and even pyorrhea? Or that it may even endanger sound teeth, too?

Your dentist will tell you that the best way to harden your gums is to massage them—every day. He'll probably suggest that you rub a little *extra* Ipana right into those tender gums of yours every time you clean your teeth.

Ipana with massage stimulates circulation in the gums and helps them regain their former hardness. Use Ipana regularly—and you can forget all about "pink tooth brush"! Remember: A good tooth paste, like a good dentist, is never a luxury.

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73 West Street, New York, N. Y.
Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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